READINGS IN ENGLISH SOCIAL HISTORY

VOLUME FIVE
1688-1837

00035380

God
914.2
M10T/Rea
35380

00035380

Digitized with financial assistance from
Shri Brihad Bhartiya Samaj
on 20 February, 2020

READINGS IN SOCIAL HISTORY

VOLUME FIVE

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

C. F. CLAY, MANAGER

LONDON : FETTER LANE, E.C.4

NEW YORK : THE MACMILLAN CO.

BOMBAY
CALCUTTA } MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.
MADRAS

TORONTO : THE MACMILLAN CO.
OF CANADA, LTD.

TOKYO : MARUZEN-KABUSHIKI-KAISHA.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

READINGS
IN
ENGLISH SOCIAL HISTORY
FROM
CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE

VOLUME FIVE

1688—1837

EDITED BY

R. B. MORGAN, M.LITT.

INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS TO THE CROYDON EDUCATION COMMITTEE
AUTHOR OF
A New English Grammar, The Groundwork of English
ETC.

35380

CAMBRIDGE
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
1922

TO

PHILIP

Printed in Scotland
by Turnbull & Spears, Edinburgh

PREFACE

It is a truism that every great political upheaval is followed by a keener and livelier interest on the part of statesmen and the people generally in the social and industrial questions that, phœnix-like, arise and demand settlement.

The upheaval caused by the war has focussed the attention of the country upon the necessity for improving the social conditions of the people; and for many years to come legislation in the main will have to deal with the betterment of the conditions of life in its broadest and fullest aspect.

A glimpse at the social conditions of the inhabitants of this country in the past will be a help towards the better understanding of what has gone to make "this little world . . . set in the silver sea" the cradle of a race of shopkeepers (as Napoleon dubbed us), and warriors, as we have proved ourselves to be.

In these little volumes the editor has endeavoured to select from contemporary writers pen-pictures of the country and its inhabitants throughout the centuries: their mode of life; their food and clothing; their games and recreations; their feastings and their burials; their methods of fighting on land and sea; their laws and customs; their education; their instinct for trade; their pageants and their music; their joys and their sorrows; in fact, all that goes to make what we call "life."

In order to tempt his readers to explore for themselves the sources from which the extracts are taken, the editor has, where possible, chosen his selections from such editions of authorities as can be found in any modern reference

library, and to that end, the source of each extract is defined in detail. In this connection the editor is under a debt of gratitude to Mr G. Berwick Sayers, the chief librarian of Croydon's splendidly equipped public library, for his expert advice and assistance; and to him and his staff sincere thanks are due.

To Mr Walter Blackie, at whose suggestion the work was, in the first place, undertaken, the editor offers his thanks.

The editor desires to express his sincere acknowledgments to Mr S. C. Roberts, of Pembroke College, Cambridge, who, in addition to being responsible for the selection of the illustrations, has, during the preparation of the volumes for the press, placed at the editor's disposal his sound scholarship and wide experience, which have been most gratefully accepted.

Finally, the editor wishes to record his appreciation of the many cordial notices of the earlier volumes which have appeared in the public press.

R. B. M.

10 Wellesley Grove
Croydon
Aug. 26th, 1922

CONTENTS

PAGE

Preface v

THE REVOLUTION

1. The English Country Gentleman of 1688 . MACAULAY 1
2. Developments in Naval Warfare . . . . EVELYN 7
3. Why the Navy lacks Seamen . . *Naval Miscellany* 9
4. London Street-Cries . . . . . ADDISON 10

THE HOUSE OF HANOVER

5. The South Sea Bubble . . . . . COXE 13
6. A Playbill of 1720 19
7. London Life in 1714 . . . . . MACKY 19
8. On the Manners of the Bath Visitors . . . STEELE 20
9. Some English Towns in 1725 . . . . . DEFOE 23
10. Impressions of England in 1730 . . . . GONZALES 28
11. Postal Arrangements in 1730 . . . . . GONZALES 30
12. The diet of a Blue-Coat Boy . . . . GONZALES 31
13. The Blue-Coat Boy . . . . . LAMB 32
14. The Birth of Methodism . . . . . WESLEY 33
15. A Service of John Wesley . . . . . WALPOLE 43
16. The Opening of Ranelagh Gardens . . . WALPOLE 44
17. A London Gala . . . . . WALPOLE 44
18. A Schoolmaster's Life . . . . . LLOYD 48
19. Garrick and Golf . . . . . CARLYLE 49
20. The Duke of Bridgewater's Canal . . . . DEFOE 51
21. An evening with Dr Johnson at the Mitre . . BOSWELL 54
22. Roads and Inns during the Eighteenth Century
HERVEY, WESLEY, DEFOE, YOUNG 57

		PAGE
23. The Division of Labour	ADAM SMITH	60
24. The State of the Poor (1795)	EDEN	62
25. A Farmer's Fare in 1799	PARKINSON	63
26. English Passion for Politics	GOLDSMITH	63
27. Some English Customs	MORITZ	67
28. Election of a Member of Parliament	MORITZ	70
29. A Debate in the House of Commons (1782)	MORITZ	73
30. Highwaymen	MORITZ	75
31. A Boat Race	WALPOLE	78
32. Sunday Schools (1791)	MADAME D'ARBLAY	78
33. Discovery of Vaccination	BARON	79
34. With Wellington's Army in the Peninsula	LARPENT	82
35. A View of the Threatened French Invasion (1815)	SYDNEY SMITH	88
36. Rural Life in England	WASHINGTON IRVING	89
37. The Stage Coach	WASHINGTON IRVING	96
38. The Christmas Dinner	WASHINGTON IRVING	100
39. Taxation	SYDNEY SMITH	105
40. The Triumph of *The Rocket*	SMILES	106
41. The Birth of Railways (1825)	CREEVEY	111
42. Railways and Travel	SYDNEY SMITH	113
43. The English Countryside (1823)	COBBETT	114
44. An Extract from the Poor Law Report (1834)		117
45. The Old English Squire		118
Notes on Sources		121

The editor gratefully acknowledges permission to quote extracts granted by the following owners of copyright material:

The Navy Records Society (No. 3).
The Epworth Press (No. 14).
Mr John Murray (No. 41).

ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

LONDON STREET CRIES 12

From Tempest's *Cries of London*. These are illustrations of four of the cries contained in the list on page 13.

THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE 13

From a satirical print in the British Museum.

THE PUMP ROOM AT BATH IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY 22

On the left of the picture may be seen an invalid chair; in the middle a lady riding on a pillion; on the right a coach and sedan-chairs.

Warner, *History of Bath*, 1801.

NEWINGTON IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY . . 23

At this time Newington was a small parish with a church and about 195 houses.

Bibliotheca Britannica, 1790.

JOHN WESLEY 44

From the portrait by Nathaniel Hone in the National Portrait Gallery.

RANELAGH GARDENS 45

This picture shows a masquerade held at Ranelagh Gardens on 24 May 1759, the birthday of the Prince of Wales.

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY GOLFER . . 50

This is from an etching by John Kay, the Scottish caricaturist, and represents a famous golfer of the period (Alex. McKellar) as the "Cock of the Green."

From Paston's *Social Caricature in the XVIII Century*, by permission of Messrs Methuen & Co., Ltd.

FACING PAGE

THE MANCHESTER CANAL AT BARTON BRIDGE . 51

At this point the canal passed over the River Irwell and "the spectator was gratified with the extraordinary sight never before beheld in this country, of one vessel sailing over the top of another."

THE POLLING 70

This is the third of a series of caricatures by Hogarth depicting an eighteenth-century election. A one-legged and one-armed old soldier has just recorded his vote amidst the protests of the bewigged advocate; the next voter is apparently a deaf imbecile; behind him is an invalid wrapped in a blanket and carried to the poll by two supporters.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN 1793 . . . 71

William Pitt is seen delivering a speech. On the left, in front of the second pillar, is Charles James Fox.

From the painting by Hinckel in the National Portrait Gallery.

A UNIVERSITY VOLUNTEER OF 1804 . . . 90

The illustration is from Harraden's *Costume of the University of Cambridge*, 1803-5.

"In September [1803], the lay members of the University formed a volunteer corps, who were drilled by Captain S. Bircham of the 30th Foot. The Heads and Tutors allowed one hour each day for this purpose and permitted a suitable dress to be worn when on duty,"—Cooper, *Annals of Cambridge*.

ENGLISH RURAL LIFE 91

These are from an edition of Thomson's *Seasons* published in 1802. The upper picture is from an engraving by W. Cooke, the lower from one by W. Woolnoth.

THE BELL INN, KILBURN 100

From a print in the Crace Collection, British Museum.

THE TRIUMPH OF *THE ROCKET* 101

The upper picture shows *The Rocket* in working; the lower the contest at Liverpool described on pp. 106 ff.

From Smiles, *Life of George Stephenson*.

READINGS IN SOCIAL HISTORY

THE REVOLUTION

1. THE ENGLISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN OF 1688

SOURCE: Macaulay, *History of England*, Chap. 3.

A COUNTRY gentleman who witnessed the revolution was probably in receipt of about a fourth part of the rent which his acres now yield to his posterity. He was, therefore, as compared with his posterity, a poor man, and was generally under the necessity of residing, with little interruption, on his estate. To travel on the Continent, to maintain an establishment in London, or even to visit London frequently, were pleasures in which only the great proprietors could indulge. It may be confidently affirmed that of the squires whose names were in [King Charles's] Commissions of Peace and Lieutenancy not one in twenty went to town once in five years, or had ever in his life wandered so far as Paris. Many lords of manors had received an education differing little from that of their menial servants. The heir of an estate often passed his boyhood and youth at the seat of his family with no better tutors than grooms and gamekeepers, and scarce attained learning enough to sign his name to a mittimus.[1] If he went to school and to college, he generally returned before he was twenty to the seclusion of the old hall, and there, unless his mind were very happily

[1] Mittimus—a warrant granted for sending to prison a person charged with a crime.

constituted by nature, soon forgot his academical pursuits in rural business and pleasures. His chief serious employment was the care of his property. He examined samples of grain, handled pigs, and, on market-days, made bargains over a tankard with drovers and hop-merchants. His chief pleasures were commonly derived from field-sports. . . . His language and pronunciation were such as we should now expect to hear only from the most ignorant clowns. His oaths, coarse jests, and scurrilous terms of abuse, were uttered with the broadest accent of his province. It was easy to discern, from the first words which he spoke, whether he came from Somersetshire or Yorkshire. He troubled himself little about decorating his abode, and, if he attempted decoration, seldom produced anything but deformity. The litter of a farmyard gathered under the windows of his bedchamber, and the cabbages and gooseberry-bushes grew close to his hall door. His table was loaded with coarse plenty; and guests were cordially welcome to it. But, as the habit of drinking to excess was general in the class to which he belonged, and as his fortune did not enable him to intoxicate large assemblies daily with claret or canary, strong beer was the ordinary beverage. The quantity of beer consumed in those days was indeed enormous. For beer then was to the middle and lower classes, not only all that beer now is, but all that wine, tea, and ardent spirits now are. It was only at great houses, or on great occasions, that foreign drink was placed on the board. The ladies of the house, whose business it had commonly been to cook the repast, retired as soon as the dishes had been devoured, and left the gentlemen to their ale and tobacco. The coarse jollity of the afternoon was often prolonged till the revellers were laid under the table.

It was very seldom that the country gentleman caught glimpses of the great world; and what he saw of it tended rather to confuse than enlighten his understanding. His

opinions respecting religion, government, foreign countries, and former times, having been derived, not from study, from observation, or from conversation with enlightened companions, but from such traditions as were current in his own small circle, were the opinions of a child. He adhered to them, however, with the obstinacy which is generally found in ignorant men accustomed to be fed with flattery. His animosities were numerous and bitter. He hated Frenchmen and Italians, Scotchmen and Irishmen, Papists and Presbyterians, Independents and Baptists, Quakers and Jews. Towards London and Londoners he felt an aversion which more than once produced important political effects. His wife and daughter were in tastes and acquirements below a housekeeper or a stillroom maid of the present day. They stitched and spun, brewed gooseberry wine, cured marigolds, and made the crust for the venison pasty.

From this description it might be supposed that the English esquire of the seventeenth century did not materially differ from a rustic miller or ale-house keeper of our time. There are, however, some important parts of his character still to be noted, which will greatly modify this estimate. Unlettered as he was and unpolished, he was still in some most important points a gentleman. He was a member of a proud and powerful aristocracy, and was distinguished by many both of the good and of the bad qualities which belong to aristocrats. His family pride was beyond that of a Talbot or a Howard. He knew the genealogies and coats-of-arms of all his neighbours, and could tell which of them had assumed supporters without any right, and which of them were so unfortunate as to be great-grandsons of aldermen. He was a magistrate, and, as such, administered gratuitously to those who dwelt around him a rude patriarchal justice, which, in spite of innumerable blunders and of occasional acts of tyranny,

was yet better than no justice at all. He was an officer of the train-bands; and his military dignity, though it might move the mirth of gallants who had served a campaign in Flanders, raised his character in his own eyes and in the eyes of his neighbours. Nor, indeed, was his soldiership justly a subject of derision. In every county there were elderly gentlemen who had seen service which was no child's play. One had been knighted by Charles I, after the battle of Edgehill. Another still wore a patch over the scar which he had received at Naseby. A third had defended his old house till Fairfax had blown in the door with a petard. The presence of these old Cavaliers, with their old swords and holsters, and with their old stories about Goring and Lunsford, gave to the musters of militia an earnest and warlike aspect, which would otherwise have been wanting. Even those country gentlemen who were too young to have themselves exchanged blows with the cuirassiers of the parliament had, from childhood, been surrounded by the traces of recent war, and fed with stories of the martial exploits of their fathers and uncles. Thus the character of the English esquire of the seventeenth century was compounded of two elements which we seldom or never find united. His ignorance and uncouthness, his low tastes and gross phrases, would, in our time, be considered as indicating a nature and a breeding thoroughly plebeian. Yet he was essentially a patrician, and had, in large measure, both the virtues and the vices which flourish among men set from their birth in high place, and used to respect themselves and to be respected by others. It is not easy for a generation accustomed to find chivalrous sentiments only in company with liberal studies and polished manners to image to itself a man with the deportment, the vocabulary, and the accent of a carter, yet punctilious on matters of genealogy and precedence, and ready to risk his life rather than see a stain

cast on the honour of his house. It is, however, only by thus joining together things seldom or never found together in our own experience, that we can form a just idea of that rustic aristocracy which constituted the main strength of the armies of Charles I, and which long supported with strange fidelity the interest of his descendants.

The gross, uneducated, untravelled country gentleman was commonly a Tory; but, though devotedly attached to hereditary monarchy, he had no partiality for courtiers and ministers. He thought, not without reason, that Whitehall was filled with the most corrupt of mankind, and that the great sums which the House of Commons had voted to the crown since the Restoration part had been embezzled by cunning politicians, and part squandered on buffoons. . . . His stout English heart swelled with indignation at the thought that the government of his country should be subject to French dictation. Being himself generally an old Cavalier, or the son of an old Cavalier, he reflected with bitter resentment on the ingratitude with which the Stuarts had requited their best friends. Those who heard him grumble at the neglect with which he was treated . . . would have supposed him ripe for rebellion. But all this ill-humour lasted only till the throne was really in danger. It was precisely when those whom the sovereign had loaded with wealth and honours shrank from his side, that the country gentlemen, so surly and mutinous in the season of his prosperity, rallied round him in a body. Thus after murmuring twenty years at the misgovernment of Charles II they came to his rescue in his extremity, when his own Secretaries of state and the Lords of his own Treasury had deserted him, and enabled him to gain a complete victory over the opposition; nor can there be any doubt that they would have shewn equal loyalty to his brother James, if James would, even at the last moment, have refrained from outraging their strongest feeling. For there was one in-

stitution, and one only, which they prized even more than hereditary monarchy; and that institution was the Church of England. Their love of the Church was not, indeed, the effect of study or meditation. Few among them could have given any reason, drawn from Scripture or ecclesiastical history, for adhering to her doctrines, her ritual, and her polity; nor were they, as a class, by any means strict observers of that code of morality which is common to all Christian sects. But the experience of many ages proves that men may be ready to fight to the death, and to persecute without pity, for a religion whose creed they do not understand, and whose precepts they habitually disobey. . . .

When the lord of a Lincolnshire or Shropshire manor appeared in Fleet Street, he was as easily distinguished from the resident population as a Turk or a Lascar. His dress, his gait, his accent, the manner in which he gazed at the shops, stumbled into the gutters, ran against the porters, and stood under the waterspouts, marked him out as an excellent subject for the operations of swindlers and banterers. Bullies jostled him into the kennel. Hackney coachmen splashed him from head to foot. Thieves explored with perfect security the huge pockets of his horseman's coat, while he stood entranced by the splendour of the Lord Mayor's show. Money-droppers, sore from the cart's tail, introduced themselves to him, and appeared to him the most honest friendly gentlemen that he had ever seen. . . . If he asked his way to St James's, his informants sent him to Mile End. If he went into a shop, he was instantly discerned to be a fit purchaser of everything that nobody else would buy, of second-hand embroidery, copper rings, and watches that would not go. If he rambled into any fashionable coffee-house, he became a mark for the insolent derision of fops and the grave waggery of Templars. Enraged and mortified, he soon returned to his mansion,

and there, in the homage of his tenants, and the conversation of his boon-companions, found consolation for the vexations and humiliations he had undergone. There he was once more a great man, and he saw nothing above himself except when at the assizes he took his seat on the bench near the Judge, or when at the muster of the militia he saluted the Lord Lieutenant.

2. DEVELOPMENTS IN NAVAL WARFARE

SOURCE: Evelyn, *Diary*.

1690, *March* 7.—I din'd with Mr Pepys, late Secretary to the Admiralty, where was that excellent Shipwright and Seaman (for so he had ben and also a Commiss[r] of the Navy) Sir Anthony Deane. Amongst other discourse, and deploring the sad condition of our Navy, as now govern'd by unexperienc'd men since this Revolution, he mention'd what exceeding advantage we of this nation had by being the first who built Fregats,[1] the first of which ever built was that vessell which was afterwards call'd The Constant Warwick, and was the work of Pet of Chatham, for a trial of making a vessell that would sail swiftly; it was built with low decks, the guns lying neere the water, and was so light and swift of sailing, that in a short time he told us she had, ere the Dutch war was ended, taken as much money from privateers as would have laden her; and that more such being built did in a yeare or two scour the Channel from those of Dunkirk and others which had exceedingly infested it. He added that it would be the best and onely infallible expedient to be masters of the sea, and able to destroy the greatest navy of any enemy, if instead of building huge greate ships and second and third rates, they would leave off building such high decks, which were for nothing but to gratify Gentlemen Commanders, who must have all their

[1] Fregats—frigates.

effeminate accommodations, and for pomp; that it would be the ruin of our fleets if such persons were continued in command, they neither having experience nor being capable of learning, because they would not submit to the fatigue and inconvenience which those who were bred seamen would undergo, in those so otherwise usefull swift fregats. These being to encounter the greatest ships would be able to protect, set on, and bring off, those who should manage the fire-ships; and the Prince who should first store himselfe with numbers of such fire-ships would, thro' the help and countenance of such fregats, be able to ruin the greatest force of such vast ships that could be sent to sea, by the dexterity of working those light, swift ships to guard the fire-ships. He concluded there would shortly be no other method of sea-fight, and that great ships and men of war, however stor'd with guns and men, must submit to those who should encounter them with far less number. He represented to us the dreadfull effect of these fire-ships; that he continually observ'd in our late maritime war with the Dutch, that when an enemy's fire-ship approach'd, the most valiant commander and common sailors were in such consternation that tho' then, of all times, there was most need of the guns, boomes, etc., to keep the mischief off, they grew pale and astonish'd, as if of a quite other mean soul, that they slunk about, forsook their guns and work as if in despair, every one looking about to see which way they might get out of their ship, tho' sure to be drown'd if they did so. This he said was likely to prove hereafter the method of sea-fight, likely to be the misfortune of England if they continued to put Gentlemen Commanders over experienc'd Seamen, on account of their ignorance, effeminacy and insolence.

3. WHY THE NAVY LACKS SEAMEN [1692]

SOURCE: A Commissioner's Note Book. Published in *The Naval Miscellany*, Vol. II. (Laughton.)

Reflecting upon the state of this nation as to naval strength in 1652, when the Dutch first made war upon us, we, at beginning of that war having but a small navy, ended the same with more than a double strength, notwithstanding the many smart fights with them before we could obtain the mastery of the sea. And considering the great number of ships of war built since for a further reinforcement, do find ourselves at this day much inferior to the French in naval strength, particularly in the number of seamen, they having no navy then and wanting those natural helps England have to breed seamen by the Flanders, Holland, Hamburg, Baltic, and Norway trade, North Sea, Island [Iceland], Westmony [Westmanna, a little island on the South coast of Iceland], and herring fishery; our New England, New York, New Jersey, Virginia, Carolina, and Carribbee Islands, increased by Jamaica, our Guinea, Spanish, Portugal, and French as well as coasting, and coal trade, our fishery for the river Thames, besides that of watermen and west country bargemen, afford England many more helps to breed seamen than the French.

And also considering the Dutch, their double war (with us) since and the French king's invasion upon them by land and sea in 1672, which greatly impoverished them, do yet retain the same vigour for war and opinion of their neighbours for naval strength and conduct that ever they had, it is visible to me that this defect amongst a troop of other causes, as bad and short victualling, changing one specie for another with giving an equivalent, keeping seamen long without their pay, turning them into other ships with a captain they love not, keeping them over long from their families, not curing the sick with the King's medicines nor well cared for to go abroad after recovery, not eating

fresh meat and roots while in port, crowding too many men in a ship; not taking care to get seamen a proper specie of slop clothes, nor a sufficient quantity, over gunning ships in the winter so as seamen seldom lie dry in foul weather; not letting seamen have any plunder or prize money or preferment, and preferring Volunteer gentlemen and soldiers in their accommodation aboard before officers and seamen—as Lord Torrington by lodging soldiers in the middle and seamen on the lower gun deck, preferring the ignorant and least able, ashore for money and at sea for power.

Punishing seamen severely for slight causes springs chiefly from gentlemen commanding in the navy, who for the most part, meet with more accidents (too many of their own making) than a seaman captain.

4. LONDON STREET-CRIES

SOURCE: Addison, *Spectator*, No. 251, Dec. 18, 1711.

There is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner and frights a Country Squire, than the CRIES of London. My good friend Sir ROGER often declares that he cannot get them out of his head, or go to sleep for them the first week that he is in Town. On the contrary, Will Honeycomb calls them the RAMAGE DE LA VILLE and prefers them to the sounds of larks and nightingales, with all the musick of the fields and woods.

. . . The CRIES of London may be divided into Vocal and Instrumental. As for the latter they are at present under a very great disorder. A Freeman of London has the privilege of disturbing a whole street for an hour together, with the twancking of a brass-kettle or a frying-pan. The Watchman's thump at midnight startles us in our beds, as much as the breaking in of a thief. . . .

Vocal cries are of a much larger extent, and indeed so full of incongruities and barbarisms, that we appear a dis-

tracted city to foreigners, who do not comprehend the meaning of such enormous outcries. Milk is generally sold in a note above E-la,[1] and in sounds so exceeding shrill, that it often sets our teeth on edge. The Chimney-sweeper is confined to no certain pitch; he sometimes utters himself in the deepest base, and sometimes in the sharpest treble; sometimes in the highest, and sometimes in the lowest note of the gamut. The same observation might be made on the Retailers of Small-coal, not to mention *broken* Glasses or Brick-dust. In these therefore, and the like cases, it should be my care to sweeten and mellow the voices of these itinerant tradesmen, before they make their appearance in our streets, as also to accommodate their cries to their respective wares: and to take care in particular, that those may not make the most noise who have the least to sell, which is very observable in the vendors of Card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply that old proverb of MUCH CRY BUT LITTLE WOOL.

Some of these last mentioned musicians are so very loud in the sale of these trifling manufactures, that an honest splenetick gentleman of my acquaintance bargained with one of them never to come into the street where he lived. But what was the effect of this contract? Why, the whole tribe of Card-matchmakers which frequent that quarter, passed by his door the very next day, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

It is another great imperfection in our London Cries, that there is no just time nor measure observed in them. Our News should indeed be published in a very quick time, because it is a commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same precipitation as FIRE. Yet this is generally the case. A bloody battle alarms the town from one end to another in an instant. Every motion of the French is published in so great an hurry,

[1] Elah—E natural, "lah" in the scale of G major.

that one would think the enemy were at our gates. . . . Nor must I omit under this head those excessive alarms with which several boisterous rustics infest our streets in Turnip-SEASON; and which are more inexcusable, because these are wares which are in no danger of cooling upon their hands.

There are others who affect a very slow time, and are in my opinion much more tuneable than the former. The Cooper in particular swells his last note in an hollow voice, that is not without its harmony; nor can I forbear being inspired with a most agreeable melancholy, when I hear that sad and solemn air with which the publick are very often asked, if they have *any* CHAIRS *to mend?* . . .

It might likewise deserve our most serious consideration, how far, in a well regulated city, those humourists are to be tolerated, who, not contented with the traditional cries of their forefathers, have invented particular songs and tunes of their own: such as was not many years since, the Pastry-man, commonly known by the name of the Colly-Molly-Puff; and such as is at this day the vendor of Powder and Washballs, who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the Name of POWDER-WATT.

I must not here omit one particular absurdity which runs thro' this whole vociferous generation, and which renders their CRIES very often not only incommodious, but altogether useless to the publick. I mean, that idle accomplishment which they all of them aim at, of CRYING so as not to be understood. Whether or no they have learned this from several of our affected singers, I will not take upon me to say; but most certain it is, that people know the wares they deal in rather by their tunes than by their words; insomuch that I have sometimes seen a county boy run out to buy apples of a bellows-mender, and ginger-bread from a grinder of knives and scissors. . . .

(The following list of London Street cries is taken from

Buy my Dutch Bilkets

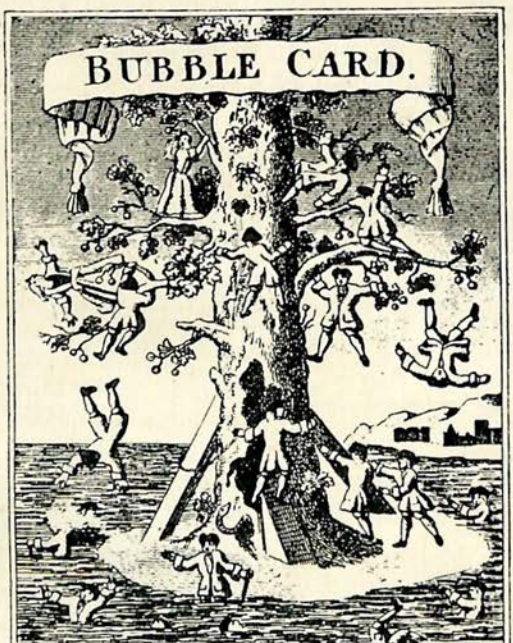
Long Thread Laces Long & Strong

A Merry new Song

New River Water

London Street Cries

The
SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.



The Headlong Fools Plunge into South Sea Water,
But the Sly Long-heads Wade with Caution after,
The First are Drowning but the Wiser Last,
Venture no Deeper than the Knees or Wast.
1720.

The Gathering of the Golden Fruit.

The South Sea Bubble

Habits and Cryes of the City of London, 1709, by Marcellus Lauron, quoted in Ashton's *Social Life in the reign of Queen Anne.*)

A Bed Matt or a Door Matt.
A Merry New Song.
Any Bakeing Peares.
Any Card matches or Savealls.
Any Kitchin Stuffe have you maids.
Any work for John Cooper.
Buy a fine Table Basket.
Buy a Fork or a Fire Shovel.
Buy a Rabbet a Rabbet.
Buy a new Almanack.
Buy any Wax or Wafers.
Buy my Dish of great Eeles.
Buy my Dutch Biskets.
Buy my Four Ropes of Hard Onyons.
Colly Molly Puffe.
Crab Crab any Crab.
Delicate Cowcumbers to pickle.
Fair Lemons and Oranges.
Fine Writeing Inke.
Four for six pence Mackrell.
Four paire for a Shilling Holland Socks.
Hott Bak'd Wardens[1] Hott.
Knives Combs or Inkhornes.
Knives or Cisers to Grinde.
Lilly white Vinegar 3 pence a quart.
Londons Gazette here.
Long Threed Laces Long and Strong.
New River Water.
Old Chaires to mend.
Old Satten Old Taffety or Velvet.
Old Shooes for Some Broomes.
Pretty Maids Pretty Pins Pretty Women.
Remember the Poor Prisoners.
Ripe Speragas.
Ripe Strawberryes.
Six pence a pound fair Cherryes.
Twelve Pence a Peck Oysters.

THE HOUSE OF HANOVER

5. THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE [1720]

SOURCE: Coxe, *Memoirs of Sir R. Walpole*, Vol. I.

The South Sea Company owed its origin to a chimerical project, formed by Harley, in 1711, for the purpose of restoring the public credit, which had been greatly affected by the dismission of the Whig Ministry. . . . In order to allure the creditors with the hopes of advantages from a new commerce, the monopoly of a trade to the South Sea, or coast of Spanish America, was granted to a company

[1] Pies.

composed of the several proprietors of this funded debt, which being incorporated by act of parliament, took the appelation of the South Sea Company. The great advantages to be derived from this commerce, had been held forth and exaggerated from the time of our first voyages to Spanish America . . . a rumour, industriously circulated, that four ports on the coasts of Peru and Chili, were to be ceded by Spain, inflamed the general ardour. . . .

But the grand benefits of this commerce were never realized. The first voyage . . . was not made till 1717, and in the following year, the trade was suppressed by the rupture with Spain. Their effects, factories, and servants were seized and detained. . . . Such was the state of the South Sea Company, when the Ministry, instead of attempting to lessen the national incumbrances, by the only just and successful means, a clear and inviolable sinking fund, adopted the visionary schemes of projectors, and gave to the South Sea Company the power of fascinating the minds of the public, and spreading an infatuation similar to that which had recently involved France in national bankruptcy. The grand point which Government had in view was the reduction of the irredeemable annuities, created in the reigns of William and Anne, . . . amounting nearly to £800,000 per annum, as no effectual measures could be adopted to lessen the public debts, whilst these annuities remained irredeemable.

In order to effect this liquidation, the minister accepted proposals from the South Sea Company, for reducing the debts to a redeemable state: as the object of the ministers who had previously and secretly arranged the scheme with the directors, was to surprise the house of commons into the measure of granting this extensive privilege to the South Sea Company, and of preventing competition, they entertained the most sanguine hopes of success, from the specious advantages which they held forth to the public

as the necessary consequences. They accordingly laid the business before a committee of the house of commons. . . .

In consequence of these resolutions, the bank of England laid a proposition before the commons, offering still more advantageous terms. . . . The South Sea Company had offered to give £8,500,000; but the bank, having bid £5,500,000, the Company were so irritated, that at a general court, the directors were instructed to obtain the preference, *cost what it would*, and they succeeded, by the offer of paying the enormous sum of £7,567,500 as a gratuity to the public. This proposal being laid before the house of commons, was warmly opposed by Walpole, who spoke in favour of the bank. . . . The preference was given to the South Sea, and the bill was afterwards carried by a majority of more than 8 to 1. . . .

The general frenzy in favour of the South Sea speculation had risen to an enormous height. The compensation to to South Sea Company, for the immediate payment of the £7,567,500, seemingly for no value received, was to be drawn from the profits of their scheme. . . .

The company could not fulfil its engagements with government, and pay so large a sum as between seven and eight millions, without taking advantage of the general infatuation, and availing themselves of that spirit of pecuniary enterprise, which had seized the public mind. Imaginary advantages were accordingly held forth; groundless and mysterious reports were circulated concerning valuable acquisitions in the South Sea, and hidden treasures; dividends of ten, thirty, and even fifty per cent. were voted, which the directors knew could never be paid; and for which there was no foundation.

The promoters of the scheme highly exaggerated the profits. . . . The public being intoxicated with these ideas, the stock, which at the close of the books at Christmas, 1719, was only at 126, rose, at the opening of the first subscription,

on the 14 of April, to above £300. . . . As the frenzy spread, and the desire of making rapid fortunes became contagious, the stock successively rose to above 1000 per cent. . . . The sanguine cupidity, which marked this speculation, was not confined to the South Sea scheme: the whole nation became stock jobbers and projectors. . . .

These delusive projects received their first check from the power to which they owed their birth: The directors of the South Sea Company, jealous of their success, . . . obtained writs . . . against the conductors of bubbles, and thus put an end to them. But in opening the eyes of the deluded multitude, they took away the main prop of their own tottering edifice. Suspicion once excited was not to be suppressed, and the public . . . declined all farther purchases of stock. . . . Amongst the numbers who suffered by these speculations, were not only persons of the first rank, but merchants and traders of every class, and bankers.

When the public distress was arrived at a most alarming height, and despair pervaded all ranks of people, to Walpole every eye was directed, as the only person capable of affording assistance, under the pressure of immediate necessity. . . .

[Walpole] did not, however, shrink from the trial; but engaged in the task with that ardour and assiduity which marked his character. . . . He adopted a plan for ingrafting a certain portion of the South Sea stock in the bank and East India company. . . . The king and cabinet having ratified the scheme . . . he [submitted] it to parliament. . . . In its passage through the commons, it was in some respects altered . . . but the principal features were preserved.

1721.—During the period in which this scheme was carrying through both houses of parliament, the loudest and most violent clamours were excited as well against the directors, as against the ministers who had promoted the South Sea act, which was considered as the sole cause of

the national distress. . . . All the managers were indiscriminately involved in the same guilt; the very name of a director was synonymous with every species of fraud and villainy. Petitions from counties, cities, and boroughs, in all parts of the kingdom, were presented to the house, crying for justice due to an injured nation against the villainy of these peculators, and the sufferers looked up for indemnification from the confiscation of their property, or for vengeance in the punishment of their guilt.

. . . The spirit by which Walpole was directed, and the principles by which he acted, during the whole progress of this delicate business, are laid down in the speech from the throne, on the prorogation of parliament, which he drew up. "The common calamity, occasioned by the wicked execution of the South Sea Scheme, was become so very great before your meeting, that the providing proper remedies for it was very difficult; but it is a great comfort to me to observe, that public credit now begins to recover; which gives me the greatest hopes that it will be entirely restored, when all the provisions you have made for the end, shall be duly put into execution. I have great compassion for the sufferings of the innocent, and a just indignation against the guilty; and have readily given my assent to such bills as you have presented to me, for punishing the authors of our late misfortunes, and for obtaining the restitution and satisfaction due to those who have been injured by them, in such a manner as you judged proper. I was at the same time willing and desirous, by my free and general pardon, to *give ease and quiet to the rest of my subjects, many of whom may, in such a general infatuation, have been unwarily drawn in to transgress the laws.*"

Thus at length, by the ability, address, and perseverance of Walpole, the fatal project of the South Sea was converted into a national benefit; the distresses are forgotten, and the advantages remain.

. . . . . .

The following are some of the Bubble Companies, which, on 12th July, 1720, were declared to be illegal by the Lords Justices assembled in Privy Council and were accordingly abolished :—

1. For building and rebuilding houses throughout all England. Capital £3,000,000.

2. For supplying the town of Deal with fresh water.

3. For making of iron and steel in Great Britain.

4. For improving the land in the county of Flint. Capital £1,000,000.

5. For trading in hair.

6. For carrying on an undertaking of great advantage : but nobody to know what it is.

7. For paving the streets of London. Capital £2,000,000.

8. For furnishing funerals to any part of Great Britain.

9. For insuring of horses. Capital £2,000,000.

10. For a grand dispensary. Capital £3,000,000.

11. For a wheel for perpetual motion. Capital £1,000,000.

12. For insuring and increasing children's fortunes.

13. For insuring to all masters and mistresses the losses they may sustain by servants. Capital £2,000,000.

14. For the importation of timber from Wales. Capital £2,000,000.

15. For the transmutation of quicksilver into a malleable fine metal.

16. For buying and fitting out ships to suppress pirates.

17. For erecting loan-offices for the assistance and encouragement of the industries. Capital £2,000,000.

18. For improving the art of making soap.

19. For extracting silver from lead.

20. For bleaching coarse sugars, without the use of fire or loss of substance.

Etc., etc.

6. A PLAYBILL OF 1720

SOURCE: Advertisement quoted in Macfarlane and Thomson's *Comprehensive History of England*, Vol. III.

These are to give notice that Belsize [a stately building in front of the highway of Hampstead] is now opened for the whole season, and that all things are most commodiously concerted for the reception of gentlemen and ladies; the park, wilderness, and gardens being wonderfully improved, and filled with variety of birds, which compose a most melodious and delightsome harmony. Every morning, at seven o'clock, the music begins to play, and continues the whole day through; and any persons inclined to walk and divert themselves in the morning, may as cheaply breakfast there, on tea or coffee, as in their own chambers. And for the convenience of single persons or families who reside at Hampstead, there are coaches prepared to ply betwixt the two places, which, by the least notice given, shall attend at their lodgings or houses for sixpence per passenger; and for the security of his guests, there are twelve stout fellows completely armed to patrol betwixt London and Belsize, to prevent the insults of highwaymen or footpads which may infest the road.

7. LONDON LIFE IN 1714

SOURCE: Macky, *Journey through England*, 1714–29. Letter IX.

I am lodged in the street called Pall Mall, the ordinary residence of all strangers. If you would know our manner of living it is thus :—We rise by nine, and those that frequent great men's levees find entertainment at them till eleven or, as in Holland, go to tea-tables. About twelve the *beau monde* assembles in several coffee or chocolate houses, the best of which are the Cocoa Tree and White's Chocolate-houses, St James's, the Smyrna, Mrs Rochford's and the

British Coffee-houses; and all these so near to one another that in less than an hour you see the company of them all. We are carried to these placed in chairs, which are here very cheap, a guinea a week, or one shilling per hour, and your chair-men serve you for porters to run on errands. . . . If it is fine weather we take a turn in the park till two, when we go to dinner, and if it be dirty, you are entertained at picquet or basset at White's, or you may talk politics at Smyrna, or St James's. I must not forget to tell you that the parties have their different places, where, however, a stranger is always well received, but a Whig will no more go to the Cocoa Tree or Osinda's than a Tory will be seen at the Coffee-houses of St James's. The Sets generally go to the British, and a mixture of all sorts to the Smyrna.

Ordinaries are not so common here as abroad, but there are good French ones in Suffolk Street. The general way here is to make a party at the Coffee house to go to dine at the tavern, where we sit till six, when we go to the play, except you are invited to the table of some great man. After the play the best company generally go to Tom's and Will's Coffee houses near adjoining, where there is playing at picquet and the best of conversation till midnight. . . .

8. ON THE MANNERS OF THE BATH VISITORS

SOURCE: Steel's essay in *The Guardian*, No. 174, dated Sept. 30, 1713.

In public assemblies there are generally some envious splenetic people, who having no merit to procure respect, are ever finding fault with those who distinguish themselves. This happens more frequently at those places, where this season of the year calls persons of both sexes together for their health. I have had reams of letters from Bath, Epsom, Tunbridge, and Saint Wenefrede's Well; wherein I could observe that a concern for honour and virtue proceeded from the want of health, beauty, or fine petticoats. A lady,

who subscribes herself Eudosia, writes a bitter invective against Chloe the celebrated dancer; but I have learned, that she herself is lame of the rheumatism. Another, who hath been a prude ever since she had the small-pox, is very bitter against the coquettes . . .; and a sharp wit hath sent me a keen epigram against the gamesters; but I took notice that it was not written upon gilt paper.

Having had several strange pieces of intelligence from the Bath; as, that more constitutions were weakened there than repaired; . . . I resolved to look upon the company there, as I returned lately out of the country. It was a great jest to see such a grave ancient person as I am, in an embroidered cap and brocade night-gown. But, besides the necessity of complying with the custom, by these means I passed undiscovered, and had a pleasure I much covet, of being alone in a crowd. It was no little satisfaction to me, to view the mixt mass of all ages and dignities upon a level, partaking of the same benefits of nature, and mingling in the same diversions. I sometimes entertained myself by observing what a large quantity of ground was hidden under spreading petticoats; and what little patches of earth were covered by creatures with wigs and hats, in comparison to those spaces that were distinguished by flounces, fringes and falbullows. . . .

Having thus prepared thee, gentle reader, I shall not scruple to entertain thee with a panegyric upon the gamesters. I have indeed spoken incautiously heretofore of that class of men; but I should forfeit all title to modesty, should I any longer oppose the common sense of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom. Were we to treat all those with contempt, who are the favourites of blind chance, few levees would be crowded. It is not the height of sphere in which a man moves, but the manner in which he acts, that makes him truly valuable. When therefore I see a gentleman lose his money with serenity, I recognise in him all the

great qualities of a philosopher. If he storms, and invokes the gods, I lament that he is not placed at the head of a regiment. The great gravity of the countenances round Harrison's table, puts me in mind of a council board: and the indefatigable application of the several combatants furnishes me with an unanswerable reply to those gloomy mortals, who censure this as an idle life. In short, I cannot see any reason why gentlemen should be hindered from raising a fortune by those means, which at the same time enlarge their minds. Nor shall I speak dishonourably of some little artifice or finesse used upon these occasions; since the world is so just to any man who is become a possessor of wealth, as not to respect him the less, for the methods he took to come by it.

Upon considerations like these, the ladies share in these diversions. I must own, that I receive great pleasure in seeing my pretty countrywomen engaged in an amusement which puts them upon producing so many virtues. Hereby they acquire such a boldness, as raises them nearer that lordly creature, man. Here they are taught such contempt of wealth, as may dilate their minds, and prevent many curtain lectures. Their natural tenderness is a weakness here easily unlearned; and I find my soul exalted, when I see a lady sacrifice the fortune of her children with as little concern as a Spartan or a Roman dame. In such a place as the Bath I might urge, that the casting of a die is indeed the properest exercise for a fair creature to assist the waters; not to mention the opportunity it gives to display the well-turned arm, and to scatter to advantage the rays of the diamond. But I am satisfied, that the gamester ladies have surmounted the little vanities of showing their beauty, which they so far neglect, as to throw their features into violent distortions, and wear away their lilies and roses in tedious watching, and restless elucubrations. I should rather observe, that their chief passion is

The Pump Room at Bath in the Eighteenth Century

Newington in the Eighteenth Century

an emulation of manhood, which I am the more inclined to believe, because, in spite of all slanders, their confidence in their virtue keeps them up all night, with the most dangerous creatures of our sex. It is to me an undoubted argument of their ease of conscience, that they go directly from church to the gaming-table; and so highly reverence play as to make it a great part of their exercise on Sundays. . . .

The physicians here are very numerous, but very good-natured. To these charitable gentlemen I owe, that I was cured, in a week's time, of more distempers than I ever had in my life. They had almost killed me with their humanity. A learned fellow-lodger prescribed me a little something, at my first coming, to keep up my spirits; and the next morning I was so much enlivened by another, as to have an order to bleed for my fever. I was proffered a cure for the scurvy by a third, and had a recipe for the dropsy gratis before night. In vain did I modestly decline these favours; for I was awakened early in the morning by an apothecary, who brought me a dose from one of my well-wishers. I paid him, but withal told him severely, that I never took physic. My landlord hereupon took me for an Italian merchant that suspected poison; but the apothecary, with more sagacity, guessed that I was certainly a physician myself. . . .

9. SOME ENGLISH TOWNS IN 1725

SOURCE: Defoe, *A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain.*

LONDON. Mr Maitland says that in the year 1732, he measured the length and breadth of this city and suburbs with a perambulator, and found the extent as follows:

Length, from the upper end of *Knightsbridge* in the west to *Robin-Hood-Lane*, at the lower end of *Poplar* in the east, seven miles and a half.

Length, from *Robin-Hood-Lane*, back again, coasting the

river westward to *Peterborough-house*, at the south end of *Millbank-Row*, above the horse ferry, Westminster, six miles and three quarters.

Breadth, from *Jeffery's Almshouses* in *Kingsland Road*, to the upper end of Camberwell Road, *Newington Butts*, three miles.

Within this extensive area there were computed to be 5,099 streets, lanes, squares, etc., composed of 95,968 houses; but so many of the old streets have been since altered, and so many new streets added, that however right this computation was at that time it can now be no longer so.

We see several villages, formerly standing, as it were, in the country, and at a great distance, now joined to the streets by continued buildings, and more making haste to meet in like manner. For example, [1] *Deptford* . . . [2] *The Town of Islington* . . . . [3] *Of Mile End* . . . [4] *Newington-Butts, in Surrey*. . . .

The *Mews* near Charing Cross, where the King's horses are kept, and the Coaches of State set up, is a very large kind of Square; but the buildings being old, and unworthy of the situation, as well as of the use, are, as 'tis said, to be pulled down. The principal range at the upper end is already finished; and when the other parts are completed, it will be one of the finest things, of its kind, in Europe.

I cannot forbear particularly to mention one beauty, because it is an honour to our country; and that is the great Piazza in *Covent Garden*, the noblest square in *Europe*. . . .

To these must be added the *Adelphi* building near the *Strand*, which forms a very stupendous mass of new and large houses; beneath which are vast subterranean passages, whereby carriages of all kinds have communication with the *Thames*; and the immense warehouses, which form the base of the streets, etc. are rendered commodious. . . .

Nor should the *Pantheon* be forgotten, which in taste,

magnificence and novelty of design and decoration, may be pronounced superior to anything of the kind in *Europe*, its principal room is truly magnificent, it is lighted by a centrical dome of a considerable magnitude; the galleries round this room are supported by columns formed of a new-discovered composition, which rivals the most beautiful marble both in colour and hardness. . . .

The gates of the city of *London* were seven, besides posterns.

Ludgate was a prison for debt, for freemen of the city only. It is now taken down, in order to open the passage for the convenience of both cities.

Newgate is a prison for criminals . . . and for debtors.

Moorgate . . . a beautiful Gateway, the arch being near twenty foot high, . . . for the city Train'd Bands to go through . . . with their pikes advanc'd. It has likewise been pulled down. . . .

Cripplegate . . . very old and made but a mean figure, is now taken down.

Bishopsgate, though newly rebuilt, yet not with the least elegance, is also taken down.

Aldersgate and *Aldgate* made handsome appearances, but were [in 1761], both taken down, as well as Ludgate, Cripplegate and Bishopsgate.

Temple-bar is the only gate which is erected at the extent of the City Liberties; and this was occasioned by some needful ceremonies, as at the proclaiming any King or Queen of *England*, at which time the gates are shut. The Herald at Arms knocks hard at the door; the Sheriffs of the city call back, asking, Who is there? Then the herald answers, *I come to proclaim*, etc. according to the name of the Prince who is to succeed to the Crown, and repeating the titles of *Great Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, etc., at which the Sheriffs open, and bid them welcome; and so they go on to the *Exchange*, where they make the last proclamation. . . .

The City of *London*, and parts adjacent, as also all the *South* of *England*, is supplied with coals, [by sea], called therefore *sea-coal*, from *Newcastle upon Tyne* and from the coast of *Durham* and *Northumberland*. This trade . . . is esteemed the great nursery of our best seamen. . . . The quantity of coals, [which one year with another, are] burnt and consumed in and about this City, is supposed to be about Five hundred thousand chalder, every chalder containing thirty-six bushels, and generally weighing about thirty hundred weight.

All these coals are bought and sold [at this Exchange;] and, though sometimes, especially in case of a war, or of contrary winds, a fleet from 500 to 700 sail of ships comes up the river at a time, yet they never want a market. The brokers or buyers of these coals are called *Crimps*; . . . the vessels they load their ships with at *New Castle* are called *Keels*; and the ships that bring them are called *Cats* and *Hags*, or *Hag boats*, *Fly boats* and the like.

Let us now mention something briefly in relation to the yearly births and burials of this extended city. . . . I shall only take notice, that whereas the general number of the burials in the year 1666, and farther back, were from 17,000 to 19,000 in a year, the yearly bill for the year 1759 amounted as follows:—

Christened	14,253
Buried	19,604

Here is to be observed, that the number of burials exceeding so much the number of births, is, because as it is not the number born, but the number christened, that are set down, which is taken from the Parish Register; so all the children of dissenters of every sort, *Protestant*, *Popish* and *Jewish*, are omitted, also all the children of foreigners, *French*, *Dutch*, etc., which are baptised in their own churches, and all the children of those who are so poor, that they cannot get them

registered: so that if a due estimate be made, the births may be well supposed very much to exceed the burials. . . .

WHITSTABLE, a place of little consequence in former times, is now, from its being a kind of port to Canterbury, become a town of brisk trade, and a great deal of business. . . .

MARGATE is now become a place of great resort for sea-bathing, where every accommodation is prepared that the place will admit of to render immersion in the salt water pleasant and efficacious. Hence, from a small town, inhabited only by fishermen and smugglers, it is now increased to a place of very considerable magnitude, and adorned with houses fit for the reception of people of the first rank, and with places of amusement and recreation which will satisfy those who are the most addicted to them. . . .

BRIGHTHELMSTONE [1] is now become a polite place, by the annual resort of the gentry in the summer season, as being the nearest sea-port to London, and very convenient for sea-bathing; for the accommodation of whom there have been two handsome ball-rooms built, and several machines for bathing. The gentry may also have the use of two circulating libraries. . . .

SHOREHAM a town chiefly inhabited by ship-carpenters, ship-chandlers, and all the several trades depending upon the building and fitting up of ships, which is their chief business. . . . Vessels of a large size, some for the use of the navy, but most for the merchants service are here constructed. . . . *Shoreham* is justly noted for sailors, and for neat and stout sea-boats.

ISLE OF WIGHT. On the west side of the island are the *Needles*, which consist of several large chalky rocks, one of which, that was almost two hundred feet in height from its base, fell down about three years ago.

CROYDON has a great corn-market, but chiefly for *oats* and *oatmeal* for the service of *London*. The town is large and

[1] Brighthelmstone—Brighton.

full of citizens from *London*: . . . it is the ancient palace of the archbishops of *Canterbury*, and several of them lie buried in the church here, which is reckoned the largest and handsomest in the county; particularly archbishop *Whitgift*, who not only repair'd the palace, but built and endowed the famous hospital (which is for a Warden and 28 men and women, poor decayed housekeepers of this town, and of *Lambeth*), and the free school. . . .

DARLINGTON . . . is a large, considerable market town, of great resort, and well supplied. . . . It is noted for the linen manufacture; but it particularly excels in huckabacks of ten quarters wide, which are made no where else in *England*, and of which, as well as other linen cloth, it sends up large quantities to London. A good many tammys and other worsted goods are now made here.

10. IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND IN 1730

SOURCE: Don Manoel Gonzales, *Voyage to Great Britain* [*circa* 1730]. In John Pinkerton, *General Collection of Voyages and Travels*, 1808–14, Vol. II.

First its advantages. It is a great, rich, and powerful kingdom. 2. Separated by the sea from other countries, so that it cannot be attacked by other nations, but with great trouble and danger; and, on the contrary, the English may easily and probably with success attack other countries. 3. This island is very convenient for trade, being so situated upon a streight,[1] that ships going either east or west are obliged to pass through it. 4. And besides a safe and deep coast, which is as it were an universal harbour, there are also many sea-ports and havens, artificial and natural; so that the English by their situation can extend their trade into all parts of the world, and if they be not sole masters of the trade, no other nation is able to dispute it with them but the Dutch. 5. Another thing contributes also very

[1] Streight—strait [the English Channel].

much to enrich England, viz. the raw silks they bring from other countries, and which they export when they are wrought and changed into stuffs; the same thing they observe about their wool, and even it is a capital crime to export it unwrought; for if the French or Dutch could have the English wool with ease, there is no doubt but they would export a great quantity, whereby great numbers of English families would be impoverished, who now live very handsomely; for as the French and Dutch journeymen have not so great wages, and are more diligent than the English, it is certain that few people would buy from England, what they might have cheaper and as good, and as fine, in France or Holland.

But there is another thing that renders England rich, viz. the liberty of conscience, granted and allowed to every nation, whereby great numbers of foreigners are invited to come and trade here sooner than in Spain and other countries, where liberty of conscience is not allowed. 2. No European country can boast of having such a good form of government. The property of chattels and goods being not precarious as in other countries; so that when a man by his industry gets an estate, his children if he please, and not his lord, shall inherit it. 3. Another thing which contributes very much to the enriching of England is, that it is forbidden to carry away above 10£ in specie. 4. No oak must be exported, which is very good for building of ships, as not being apt to split when cannon balls pierce it.

The defects of England may be thus reduced: one thing is very prejudicial to their trade, viz. that they eat a great quantity of meat, and are naturally too much addicted to ease; so that they are obliged to put on board their ships as many more men and provisions as the Dutch. 2. Though the English are very fond of money, and consequently easy to be bribed, yet they despise a moderate gain; whereas the Dutch, being content with a reasonable advantage,

get more goods to be transported from one place to another, than the English. 3. The English are very much subject to some particular diseases, especially the rickets, the scurvy, and the consumption; the first incident to children, the scurvy to most people more or less, and the consumption to many; all of them proceeding chiefly from the constitution of the air, the rickets from its moistness, the scurvy from its saltness, and the consumption from its grossness, and from the too fast living of people, wherefore it is very common in London. . . . There is perhaps no country where rheums and coughs are more predominant, especially in winter, which are often attended with ill consequences, if not timely prevented: agues and rheumatisms are also very rife, especially near the sea; but fevers and bloody-fluxes are not so frequent here as in hot countries. . . . Lastly, lawsuits are here a very common distemper, which by the great number of lawyers are often spun to a great length, to the prejudice of good neighbourhood, if not to the utter ruin of families.

11. POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS IN 1730

SOURCE: As No. 10.

Letters and packets are dispatched from hence [The Post Office in London] every Monday to France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Flanders, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Kent, and the Downs.

Every Tuesday to the United Netherlands, Germany, Swedeland, Denmark, and to all parts of England, Scotland and Ireland.

Every Wednesday to Kent only, and the Downs.

Every Thursday to France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and all parts of England and Scotland.

Every Friday to the Austrian and United Netherlands, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and to Kent and the Downs.

Every Saturday to all parts of England, Scotland and Ireland.

The post goes also every day to those places where the court resides, as also to the usual stations and rendezvous of his majesty's fleet, as the Downs, Spithead, and to Tunbridge during the season for drinking the waters, etc.

Letters and packets are received from all parts of England and Scotland, except Wales, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; from Wales every Monday and Friday; and from Kent and the Downs every day.

His Majesty keeps constantly, for the transport of the said letters and packets, in times of peace,

Between England and France, three packet-boats; Spain, one in a fortnight; Portugal, one ditto; Flanders, two packet-boats; Holland, three packet-boats; Ireland, three packet-boats.

And at Deal, two packet-boats for the Downs.

Not to mention the extraordinary packet-boats in time of war with France and Spain, to the Leeward Islands, etc.

A letter containing a whole sheet of paper is conveyed 80 miles for 8d., and two sheets 6d., and an ounce of letters but 1/-. And above 80 miles a single letter is 4d., a double letter 8d. and an ounce 1s. 4d.

12. THE DIET OF A BLUE COAT BOY

SOURCE: As No. 10.

The children are dieted in the following manner: They have every morning for their breakfast bread and beer, at half an hour past six in the morning in the summer time, and at half an hour past seven in the winter. On Sundays they have boiled beef and broth for their dinners, and for their suppers legs and shoulders of mutton. On Tuesdays and Thursdays they have the same dinners as on Sundays, that is, boiled beef and broth; on the other days no flesh

meat, but on Mondays milk-porridge, on Wednesdays furmity,[1] on Fridays old pease and pottage, on Saturdays water-gruel. They have roast beef about twelve days in the year, by the kindness of several benefactors, who have left, some £3 some 50s *per annum*, for that end. Their supper is bread and cheese, or butter for those that cannot eat cheese; only Wednesdays and Fridays they have pudding-pies for supper.

The diet of these children seems to be exceeding mean and sparing; and I have heard some of their friends say, that it would not be easy for them to subsist upon it without their assistance. However, it is observed they are very healthful; that out of eleven or twelve hundred, there are scarce ever found twelve in the sick ward; and that in one year, when there were upwards of eleven hundred in this hospital, there were not more than fifteen of them died. Besides, their living in this thrifty parsimonious manner, makes them better capable of shifting for themselves when they come out into the world.

13. THE BLUE-COAT BOY

SOURCE: Charles Lamb, *Recollections of Christ's Hospital*, 1813.

The Christ's Hospital or Blue-coat boy, has a distinctive character of his own, as far removed from the abject qualities of a common charity-boy as it is from the disgusting forwardness of a lad brought up at some other of the public schools. There is *pride* in it, accumulated from the circumstances which I have described as differencing him from the former; and there is a *restraining modesty*, from a sense of obligation and dependence, which must ever keep his deportment from assimilating to that of the latter. His very garb, as it is antique and venerable, feeds his self-respect; as it is a badge of dependence, it restrains the natural petulance of

[1] Furmity—hulled wheat boiled in milk and seasoned.

that age from breaking out into overt-acts of insolence. This produces silence and a reserve before strangers, yet not that cowardly shyness which boys mewed up at home will feel; he will speak up when spoken to, but the stranger must begin the conversation with him. Within his bounds he is all fire and play; but in the streets he steals along with the self-concentration of a young monk. He is never known to mix with other boys, they are a sort of laity to him. All this proceeds I have no doubt, from the continual consciousness which he carries about him of the difference of his dress from that of the rest of the world.

14. THE BIRTH OF METHODISM

SOURCE: Wesley, *Journal*. (Ed. Curnock. 8 volumes. The Epworth Press).

In my return to England, January 1738 (from Georgia), being in imminent danger of death, and very uneasy on that account, I was strongly convinced that the cause of that uneasiness was unbelief, and that the gaining a true, living faith, was the one thing needful for me. But still I fixed not this faith on its right object: I meant only faith in God, not faith in or through Christ. Again, I knew not that I was wholly void of this faith; but only thought I had not enough of it. So that when Peter Böhler, whom God prepared for me as soon as I came to London, affirmed of true faith in Christ (which is but one) that it had those two fruits inseparably attending it, "Dominion over sin, and constant peace from a sense of forgiveness," I was quite amazed, and looked upon it as a new gospel. But I was not willing to be convinced of this, therefore I disputed with all my might, and laboured to prove that faith might be where these were not, especially where the sense of forgiveness was not. . . . Besides, I well saw, no one could have such a sense of forgiveness and not feel it. But I felt it not. If then there was no faith without this, all my pre-

tensions to faith dropped at once. When I met Peter Böhler again, he consented to put the dispute upon the issue which I desired, viz. Scripture and experience. When . . . I considered the Word of God, comparing them together, endeavouring to illustrate the obscure by the plainer passages, I found they all made against me. I could not (yet) allow it to be true, till I found some living witnesses of it. He replied, he could show me such at any time; if I desired it, the next day. And accordingly the next day, he came with three others, all of whom testified of their own personal experience that a true living faith in Christ is inseparable from a sense of pardon for all past and freedom from all present sins. . . . I was now thoroughly convinced, and by the grace of God, I resolved to seek it unto the end. . . . I asked P. Böhler . . . "Whether I ought not to refrain from teaching others?" He said "No; do not hide in the earth the talent God hath given you." Accordingly I spoke clearly and fully at Blendon to Mr Delamotte's family of the nature and fruits of faith. Mr Boughton and my brother were there. . . . My brother was very angry and told me, "I did not know what mischief I had done by talking thus." And indeed it did please God then to kindle a fire, which I trust shall never be extinguished. . . . P. Böhler walked with me and exhorted me not to stop short of the grace of God. At Gerrard's Cross I plainly declared to those whom God gave into my hands, "the faith as it is in Jesus."

Monday, May 1, 1738.—The return of my brother's illness obliged me to hasten to London. In the evening I found him at James Hutton's better as to his health than I expected; but strongly averse from what he called "the new faith." This evening our little Society began, which afterwards met in Fetter Lane. Our fundamental rules were as follows:

In obedience to the command of God by St James, and by the advice of Peter Böhler, it is agreed by us,

1. That we will meet together once a week to confess our faults one to another, and pray one for another, that we may be healed.

2. That the persons so meeting be divided into several *bands*, or little companies, none of them consisting of fewer than five or more than ten persons.

3. That every one in order speak as freely, plainly, and concisely as he can, the real state of his heart, with his several temptations and deliverances, since the last time of meeting.

4. That all the bands have a conference at 8 every Wednesday evening, begun and ended with singing and prayer.

5. That any one who desire to be admitted into the society be asked, What are your reasons for desiring this? Will you be entirely open, using no kind of reserve? Have you any objection to any of our orders? (which may then be read).

6. That when any new member is proposed, every one present speak clearly and freely whatever objection he has to him.

7. That those against whom no reasonable objection appears be, in order for their trial, formed into one or more distinct bands, and some person agreed on to assist them.

8. That after two months' trial, if no objection then appear, they may be admitted into the society.

Wed. 3.—My brother had a long and particular conversation with Peter Böhler, and it now pleased God to open his eyes; so that he also saw clearly what was the nature of that one true living faith, whereby alone, "through grace, we are saved." . . .

I continued thus to seek [this freedom from sin]—though with strange indifference, dullness and coldness, and usually

frequent relapses into sin—till Wednesday, May 24. . . . In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street; where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. . . . while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death . . . I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my heart.

Thursday, 15th March, 1739.—During my stay [in London] I was fully employed between our own society in Fetter Lane and many others, where I was continually desired to expound; so that I had no thought of leaving London, when I received, after several others, a letter from Mr Whitefield, and another from Mr Seward, entreating me in the most pressing manner to come to Bristol without delay.

. . . . . .

Wed. 28.—My journey was proposed to our society in Fetter Lane. . . . We . . . all agreed to decide it by lot. And by this it was determined I should go. . . .

Thurs., March 29.—I left London, and in the evening expounded to a small company at Basingstoke.

Sat. 31.—In the evening I reached Bristol, and met Mr Whitefield there. I could scarce reconcile myself at first to this strange way of preaching in the fields, of which he set me an example on Sunday; having been all my life (till very lately) so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in a church.

Mon. 2.—At four in the afternoon I submitted to be more vile, and proclaimed in the highways the glad tidings of salvation, speaking from a little eminence in the ground adjoining to the city, to about 3000 people. . . .

Sunday 8.—At seven in the morning I preached to about

a thousand persons at Bristol, and afterwards to about fifteen hundred . . . in Kingswood.

March 19, 1742.—I rode . . . to Pensford [about 5 miles from Bristol] at the earnest request of several serious people. The place where they desired me to preach was a little green spot near the town. But I had no sooner begun than a great company of rabble, hired (as we afterwards found) for that purpose, came furiously upon us, bringing a bull, which they had been baiting, and now strove to drive in among the people. But the beast was wiser than his drivers, and continually ran either on one side of us or the other, while we quietly sang praise to God, and prayed for about an hour. The poor wretches, finding themselves disappointed, at length seized upon the bull, now weak and tired, after having been so long torn and beaten both by dogs and men; and, by main strength, partly dragged and partly thrust him in among the people. When they had forced their way to the little table on which I stood, they strove several times to throw it down, by thrusting the helpless beast against it, who, of himself, stirred no more than a log of wood. I once or twice put aside his head with my hand, that the blood might not drop upon my clothes; intending to go as soon as the hurry should be a little over. But, the table falling down, some of our friends caught me in their arms and carried me right away on their shoulders; while the rabble wreaked their vengeance on the table. . . . We went a little way off, where I finished my discourse without any noise or interruption.

. . . . . .

Thurs., Oct. 20th, 1743.—. . . I rode to Wednesbury. At 12 I preached in a ground near the middle of the town to a far larger congregation than was expected. . . . I was writing at Francis Ward's in the afternoon when the cry arose that the mob had beset the house. We prayed that God would disperse them: . . . in half an hour not a

man was left. I told our brethren, "Now is the time for us to go;" but they pressed me exceedingly to stay; so . . . I sat down. Before 5 the mob surrounded the house again, in greater numbers than ever. The cry of one and all was, "Bring out the minister; we will have the minister." . . . As soon as I was in the midst of them, I called for a chair, and, standing up, asked, "What do any of you want with me?" Some said, "We want you to go with us to the Justice." I replied, "That I will with all my heart." . . . I asked, "Shall we go to the Justice to-night or in the morning?" Most of them cried, "To-night, to-night:" on which I went before, and two or three hundred followed. . . . The night came on before we had walked a mile, together with heavy rain. However, on we went to Bentley Hall, 2 miles from Wednesbury. One or two ran before to tell Mr Lane, they had brought Mr Wesley before his worship. Mr Lane replied, "What have I to do with Mr Wesley? Go and carry him back again." By this time the main body came up and began knocking at the door. A servant told them Mr Lane was in bed. His son followed, and asked what was the matter? One replied, "Why an't please you, they sing psalms all day; nay, and make folks rise at 5 in the morning. And what would your worship advise us to do?" "To go home," said Mr Lane, "and be quiet." . . . One advised to go to Justice Persehouse at Walsal. All agreed to this; so we hastened on and about 7 came to his house. But Mr P—— likewise sent word that he was in bed . . . at last all thought it the wisest course to make the best of their way home; . . . but we had not gone a hundred yards when the mob of Walsall came, pouring in like a flood, and bore down all before them. The Darlaston mob made what defence they could; but they were weary as well as outnumbered; so that in a short time, many being knocked down, the rest ran away and left me in their hands. To attempt speaking

was vain, for the noise on every side was like the roaring of the sea. So they dragged me along till we came to the town. . . . They . . . carried me through the main street, from one end of the town to the other. . . . At the west end of the town, seeing a door half open, I made toward it, but a gentleman in the shop would not suffer me. . . . However, I stood at the door and asked, "Are you willing to hear me speak?" Many cried out, "No! no! knock his brains out! down with him! kill him at once." Others said, "Nay, but we will hear him first." I began asking, "What evil have I done? Which of you all have I wronged in word or deed? and continued speaking for above a quarter of an hour, till my voice suddenly failed. Then the floods began to lift up their voice again; many crying out, "Bring him away." . . . And now the man who just before headed the mob, turned and said, "Sir, I will spend my life for you: follow me, and not one soul here shall touch a hair of your head." Two or three of his fellows confirmed his words and got close to me immediately. . . . The people then, as if it had been by common consent, fell back to the right and left; while those three or four men took me between them, and carried me through them all. But on the bridge the mob rallied again; we therefore went on one side over the mill-dam, and thence through the meadows, till, a little before ten God brought me safe to Wednesbury; having lost only one flap of my waistcoat and a little skin from one of my hands. . . .

I cannot close this head without inserting as great a curiosity in its kind as, I believe, was ever yet seen in England, which had its birth within a few days of this remarkable occurrence at Walsal.

"STAFFORDSHIRE.

"To all High Constables, Petty Constables, and other of His Majesty's Peace Officers, within the said County, and particularly to the Constable of Tipton (Near Walsal):

"Whereas we, His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the said County of Stafford, have received information that several disorderly persons, styling themselves Methodist Preachers, go about raising routs and riots, to the great damage of His Majesty's liege people, and against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King: These are in His Majesty's name, to command you and every one of you, within your respective districts, to make diligent search after the said Methodist Preachers, and to bring him or them before some of us his said Majesty's Justices of the Peace, to be examined concerning their unlawful doings.

"Given under our hands and seals, this [12th] day of October, 1743.

"J. LANE.
"W. PERSEHOUSE."

N.B.—The very Justices to whose houses I was carried, and who severally refused to see me!

On Monday, Jan. 23 [1744], a great mob gathered together at Darlaston, a mile from Wednesbury. They fell upon a few people, who were going to Wednesbury. . . .

Mon., Jan. 30.—The mob gathered again, broke into Joshua Constable's house, pulled part of it down, broke some of his goods to pieces, and carried the rest away: particularly all his shop goods, to a considerable value. . . .

Mond., Feb. 6.—The mob had been gathering all Monday night, and on Tuesday morning they began their work. They assaulted, one after another, all the houses of those who were called Methodists. They first broke all their windows, suffering neither glass, lead, nor frames to remain therein. Then they made their way in; and all the tables, chairs, chests of drawers, with whatever was not easily removable, they dashed in pieces, particularly shop goods, and furniture of every kind. What they could not well break, as feather beds, they cut in pieces and strewed about the room. . . . (Had the French come in that place, would

they have done more ?) All this time none offered to resist them. Indeed most part, both men and women, fled for their lives. . . . Wearing apparel and things which were of value or easily saleable, they carried away: every man loading himself with as much as he could well carry, of whatever he liked best. . . . On Wednesday the mob divided into two or three companies, one of which went to Aldridge, [6] miles from Wednesbury, and plundered many houses there, as they had done in several other villages. . . . They came back through Walsal with their spoils; but the gentlemen of Walsal being apprised of their coming, raised a body of men, who met them, took what they had away, and laid it up in the Town-Hall. Notice was then sent to Aldridge that every man who had been plundered might come and take his own goods.

Wed., April 4.—About 11 we reached St Ive's [Cornwall]. As soon as we went out [of John Nance's house] we were saluted as usual with a huzza and a few stones or pieces of dirt. But in the evening none opened his mouth while I proclaimed, "I will love thee, O Lord, my strength."

Thurs. 5.—I took a view of the ruins of the house, which the mob had pulled down a little before, for joy that Admiral Matthews had beat the Spaniards. Such is the Cornish method of thanksgiving. I suppose if Admiral Lestock had fought too, they would have knocked all the Methodists on the head.

Tues., May 15*th*, 1744.—I rode the shortest way to Birstal [Yorks]. Here I found our brethren partly mourning, and partly rejoicing, on account of John Nelson. On Friday the 4th instant (they informed me) the constables took him, just as he had ended his sermon, at Adwalton, and the next day carried him before the Commissioners at Halifax. . . . Many were ready to testify that he was in no respect such a person as the Act of Parliament specified.

But they were not heard; he was a Preacher, that was enough. So he was sent for a soldier at once.

. . . . . .

Thurs., Sept. 12, 1745.—I came to Leeds, preached at five, and at eight met the Society; after which the mob pelted us with dirt and stones, greater part of the way home. The congregation was much larger next evening, and so was the mob at our return, and likewise in higher spirits, being ready to knock out all our brains, for joy that the Duke of Tuscany was emperor.

. . . . . .

Monday, July 23, 1759.—I preached, near Huddersfield, to the wildest congregation I have seen in Yorkshire; yet they were restrained by an unseen hand, and I believe some felt the sharpness of His word.

. . . . . .

Friday, Aug. 3, 1759.—I preached at Gainsborough, in Sir Nevil Hickman's great hall. It is full as large as the Weaver's Hall in Bristol. At two it was filled with a rude, wild multitude (a few of a better spirit excepted). Yet all but two or three gentlemen were attentive while I enforced our Lord's words: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" I was walking back through a gaping, staring crowd, when Sir Nevil came and thanked me for my sermon, to the no small amazement of his neighbours, who shrunk back as if they had seen a ghost. Thence I rode to North Scarle, the last village in Lincolnshire, ten miles short of Newark. Here a great multitude assembled from various parts, most of them wholly unacquainted with the ways of God; indeed to such a degree, that, though I spoke as plain as I could on the first principles of religion, yet it seemed very many understood me no more than if I was talking Greek.

15. A SERVICE OF JOHN WESLEY

SOURCE: Horace Walpole, *Letters.* To John Chute (1735–1707).

10 *Oct.*, 1766.—My health advances faster than my amusement. However, I have been at one opera, Mr Wesley's. They have boys and girls with charming voices, that sing hymns, in parts, to Scotch ballad tunes; but indeed so long, that one would think they were already in eternity, and knew how much time they had before them. The chapel is very neat, with true Gothic windows (yet I am not converted); but I was glad to see that luxury is creeping in upon them before persecution: they have very neat mahogany stands for branches, and brackets of the same in taste. At the upper end is a broad *hautpas* of four steps, advancing in the middle: at each end of the broadest part are two of *my* eagles, with red cushions for the parson and clerk. Behind them rise three more steps, in the midst of which is a third eagle for pulpit. Scarlet armed chairs to all three. On either hand, a balcony for elect ladies. The rest of the congregation sit on forms. Behind the pit, in a dark niche, is a plain table within rails; so you see the throne is for the apostle. Wesley is a lean, elderly man, fresh-coloured, his hair smoothly combed, but with a *soupçon* of curl at the ends. Wondrous clean, but as evidently an actor as Garrick. He spoke his sermon, but so fast, and with so little accent, that I am sure he has often uttered it, for it was like a lesson. There were parts and eloquence in it; but towards the end he exalted his voice, and acted very ugly enthusiasm; decried learning, and told stories, like Latimer, of the fool of his college, who said, "I thanks God for everything." Except a few from curiosity, and *some honourable women*, the congregation was very mean. There was a Scotch Countess of Buchan, who is carrying a pure rosy vulgar face to heaven, and who asked Miss Rich, if that was *the author of the poets*. I believe she meant me and the Noble Authors.

16. THE OPENING OF RANELAGH GARDENS

SOURCE: As No. 15. To Horace Mann.

May 26, 1742.—. . . Two nights ago Ranelagh-gardens were opened at Chelsea; the Prince, Princess, Duke [of Cumberland], much nobility and much mob besides, were there. There is a vast amphitheatre, finely gilt, painted, and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring, or crowding, is admitted for twelvepence. The building and disposition of the gardens cost sixteen thousand pounds. Twice a-week there are to be ridottos, at guinea tickets, for which you are to have a supper and music. I was there last night, but did not find the joy of it. Vauxhall is a little better; for the garden is pleasanter and one goes by water.

. . . . . .

[Writing two years later, he states:—]

To Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

You must be informed that every night constantly I go to Ranelagh; which has totally beat Vauxhall. Nobody goes anywhere else—everybody goes there. My Lord Chesterfield is so fond of it, that he says he has ordered all his letters to be directed thither. If you had never seen it, I would make you a most pompous description of it, and tell you how the floor is all of beaten princes—that you can't set your foot without treading on a Prince of Wales or Duke of Cumberland. The company is universal: there is from his Grace of Grafton down to children out of the Foundling Hospital—from my Lady Townshend to the kitten—from my Lord Sandys to your humble cousin and sincere friend.

17. A LONDON GALA

SOURCE: As No. 15. To Sir Horace Mann.

May 8, 1749.—I am come hither for a few days, to repose myself after a torrent of diversions, and am writing to you

John Wesley

Ranelagh Gardens

in my charming bow-window with a tranquility and satisfaction which, I fear, I am grown old enough to prefer to the hurry of amusements, in which the whole world has lived for this last week. We have at last celebrated the peace,[1] and that as much in extremes as we generally do everything, whether we have reason to be glad or sorry, pleased or angry. Last Tuesday it was proclaimed: the King did not go to St Paul's, but at night the whole town was illuminated. The next day was what was called "a jubilee-masquerade in the Venetian manner" at Ranelagh: it had nothing Venetian in it, but was by far the best understood and the prettiest spectacle I ever saw: nothing in a fairy tale ever surpassed it. One of the proprietors, who is a German, and belongs to court, had got my Lady Yarmouth to persuade the King to order it. It began at three o'clock, and, about five, people of fashion began to go. When you entered you found the whole garden filled with masks and spread with tents. . . . In one quarter was a May-pole dressed with garlands, and people dancing round it to a tabor and pipe and rustic music, all masqued, as were all the various bands of music that were disposed in different parts of the garden; some like huntsmen with French horns, some like peasants, and a troop of harlequins and scaramouches in the little open temple on the mount. On the canal was a sort of gondola, adorned with flags and streamers, and filled with music, rowing about. All round the outside of the amphitheatre were shops, filled with Dresden china, japan, etc., and all the shopkeepers in mask. The amphitheatre was illuminated; and in the middle was a circular bower, composed of all kinds of firs in tubs, from twenty to thirty feet high: under them orange trees, with small lamps in each orange, and below them all sorts of the finest auriculas in pots; and festoons of natural flowers hanging from tree to tree.

[1] The Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748), which terminated the War of the Austrian Succession.

Between the arches too were firs, and smaller ones in the balconies above. There were booths for tea and wine, gaming-tables and dancing, and about two thousand persons. In short, it pleased me more than anything I ever saw. It is to be once more, and probably finer as to dresses, as there has since been a subscription masquerade, and people will go in their rich habits. The next day were the fireworks, which by no means answered the expense, the length of preparation, and the expectation that had been raised; indeed, for a week before, the town was like a country fair, the streets filled from morning to night, scaffolds building wherever you could or could not see, and coaches arriving from every corner of the kingdom. This hurry and lively scene, with the sight of the immense crowd in the Park and on every house, the guards, and the machine itself, which was very beautiful, was all that was worth seeing. The rockets, and whatever was thrown up into the air, succeeded mighty well; but the wheels, and all that was to compose the principal part, were pitiful and ill-conducted, with no changes of coloured fires and shapes: the illumination was mean, and lighted so slowly that scarce anybody had patience to wait the finishing; and then, what contributed to the awkwardness of the whole, was the right pavilion catching fire, and being burnt down in the middle of the show. The King, the Duke, and Princess Emily saw it from the library, with their courts: the Prince and Princess, with their children, from Lady Middlesex's; no place being provided for them, nor any invitation given to the library. The Lords and Commons had galleries built for them and the chief citizens along the rails of the mall: the Lords had four tickets a-piece, and each Commoner, at first, but two, till the Speaker bounced and obtained a third. Very little mischief was done, and but two persons killed: at Paris, there were forty killed and near three hundred wounded, by a dispute between the French and Italians in the manage-

ment, who, quarrelling for precedence in lighting the fires, both lighted at once and blew up the whole. Our mob was extremely tranquil, and very unlike those I remember in my father's time, when it was a measure in the Opposition to work up everything to mischief, the excise and the French players, the convention and the gin-act. We are as much now in the opposite extreme, and in general so pleased with the peace, that I could not help being struck with a passage I read lately in Pasquier, an old French author, who says, "that in the time of Francis I the French used to call their creditors, 'Des Anglois,' from the facility with which the English gave credit to them in all treaties, though they had broken so many." On Saturday we had a serenta at the Opera-House, called Peace in Europe, but it was a wretched performance. On Monday there was a subscription-masquerade, much fuller than that of last year, but not so agreeable or so various in dresses. The King was well disguised in an old-fashioned English habit, and much pleased with somebody who desired him to hold their cup as they were drinking tea. The Duke had a dress of the same kind, but was so immensely corpulent that he looked like Cacofogo, the drunken captain, in Rule a Wife and have a Wife.[1] The Duchess of Richmond was a lady mayoress in the time of James I; and Lord Delawarr, Queen Elizabeth's porter, from a picture in the guard-chamber at Kensington: they were admirable masks. Lady Rochford, Miss Evelyn, Miss Bishop, Lady Stafford, and Mrs Pitt, were in vast beauty; particularly the last, who had a red veil, which made her look gloriously handsome. I forgot Lady Kildare. Mr Conway was the Duke in Don Quixote and the finest figure I ever saw. . . .

If you ever think of returning to England, as I hope it will be long first, you must prepare yourself with Methodism. I really believe that by that time it will be necessary: this

[1] By Beaumont and Fletcher.

sect increases as fast as almost ever any religious nonsense did. Lady Fanny Shirley has chosen this way of bestowing the dregs of her beauty; and Mr Lyttleton is very near making the same sacrifice of the dregs of all those various characters that he has worn. The Methodists love your big sinners, as proper subjects to work upon—and indeed they have a plentiful harvest—I think what you call flagrancy was never more in fashion. Drinking is at the highest wine-mark; and gaming joined with it so violent, that at the last Newmarket meeting, in the rapidity of both, a bank-bill was thrown down, and nobody immediately claiming it, they agreed to give it to a man that was standing by. . . .

18. A SCHOOLMASTER'S LIFE [1750]. Robert Lloyd.

Were I at once empower'd to shew
My utmost vengeance on my foe,
To punish with extremest rigour,
I could inflict no penance bigger
Than using him as learning's tool
To make him Usher of a school.
For, not to dwell upon the toil
Of working on a barren soil,
And lab'ring with incessant pains
To cultivate a blockhead's brains,
The duties there but ill befit
The love of letters, arts, or wit.

. . . . . .

For me, it hurts me to the soul
To brook confinement or controul;
Still to be pinion'd down to teach
The syntax and the parts of speech;
Or, what perhaps is drudging worse,
The links, and joints, and rules of verse;

To deal out authors by retale,
Like penny pots of *Oxford* ale;
—Oh! 'Tis a service irksome more
Than tugging at the slavish oar.

. . . . . .

Yet such *his* task, a dismal truth,
Who watches o'er the bent of youth;
And while, a paltry stipend earning,
He sows the richest seeds of learning,
And tills *their* minds with proper care,
And sees them their due produce bear,
No joys, alas! his toil beguile,
His *own* lies fallow all the while.

. . . . . .

"Yet still he's on the road," you say,
"Of learning."—Why, perhaps he may,
But turns like horses in a mill,
Nor getting on, nor standing still;
For little way his learning reaches,
Who reads no more than what he teaches.

19. GARRICK AND GOLF [1758]

SOURCE: Alexander Carlyle, *Autobiography*.

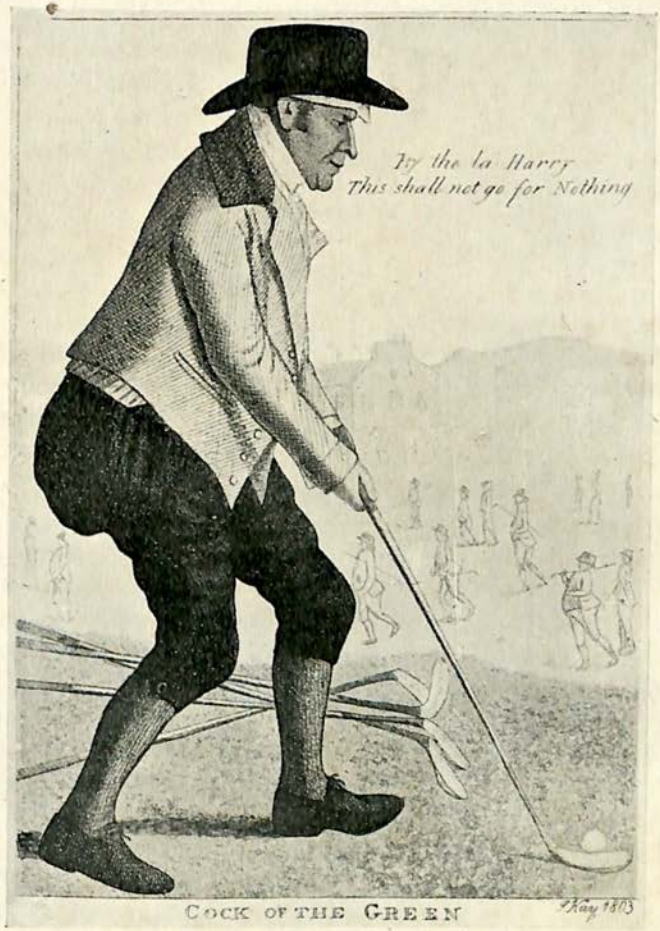
Garrick was so friendly to John Home that he gave a dinner to his friends and companions at his house at Hampton, which he did but seldom. He had told us to bring golf clubs and balls that we might play at that game on Molesly Hurst. We accordingly set out in good time, six of us in a landau. As we passed through Kensington, the Coldstream regiment were changing guard, and, on seeing our clubs, they gave us three cheers in honour of a diversion peculiar to Scotland; so much does the remembrance of one's native country dilate the heart, when one has been some time absent. The same sentiment made us

open our purses, and give our countrymen wherewithal to drink the "Land o' Cakes." Garrick met us by the way, so impatient he seemed to be for his company. There were John Home, and Robertson, and Wedderburn, and Robert and James Adam, and Colonel David Wedderburn, who was killed when commander of the army in Bombay [in the year 1773]. He was held by his companions to be in every respect as clever and able a man as his elder brother the Chancellor, with a much more gay, popular and social temper.

Immediately after we arrived, we crossed the river to the golfing ground, which was very good. None of the company could play but John Home and myself, and Parson Black from Aberdeen, who, being chaplain to a regiment during some of the Duke of Cumberland's campaigns, had been pointed out to his Royal Highness as a proper person to teach him the game of chess: the Duke was such an apt scholar that he never lost a game after the first day; and he recompensed Black for having beat him so cruelly by procuring for him the living of Hampton, which is a good one. We returned and dined sumptuously. Mrs Garrick, the only lady, now grown fat, though still very lively, being a woman of uncommon good sense, and now mistress of English, was in all respects most agreeable company. She did not seem at all to recognize me, which was no wonder, at the end of twelve years, having thrown away my bag-wig and sword, and appearing in my own grisly hairs, and in parson's clothes; nor was I likely to remind her of her former state.[1]

Garrick had built a handsome temple, with a statue of Shakespeare in it, in his lower garden, on the banks of the Thames, which was separated from the upper one by a high-road, under which there was an archway which united the two gardens. Garrick, in compliment to Home, had ordered

[1] She was a Viennese dancing girl before Garrick married her.



An Eighteenth Century Golfer

The Manchester Canal at Barton Bridge

the wine to be carried to this temple, where we were to drink it under the shade of the copy of that statue to which Home had addressed his pathetic verses on the rejection of his play. The poet and the actor were equally gay, and well pleased with each other, on this occasion, with much respect on the one hand, and a total oblivion of animosity on the other; for vanity is a passion that is easy to be entreated, and unites freely with all the best affections. Having observed a green mount in the garden, opposite the archway, I said to our landlord, that while the servants were preparing the collation in the temple, I would surprise him with a stroke at the golf, as I should drive a ball through his archway into the Thames once in three strokes. I had measured the distance with my eye in walking about the garden, and accordingly at the second stroke, made the ball alight in the mouth of the gateway and roll down the green slope into the river. This was so dexterous that he was quite surprised, and begged the club of me by which such a feat had been performed. We passed a very agreeable afternoon, and it is hard to say which were happier, the landlord and landlady or the guests.

20. THE DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER'S CANAL

SOURCE: As No. 9.

This waits on you with an account of the duke of *Bridgewater's* magnificent work near *Manchester*, which is, perhaps, the greatest artificial curiosity in the world; crowds of people from all parts resort to it, and persons of high rank express their admiration of it.

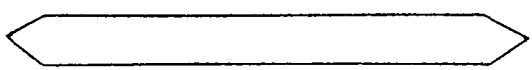
This is a new canal, and I know not what to call it besides, constructed, as it should seem, to convey coals out of a mine to *Manchester* and other places; but is capable of being applied to more considerable purposes.

This stupendous work was begun at a place called *Worsley*

Mill, about seven miles from *Manchester*, where, at the foot of a large mountain, the duke has cut a bason capable of holding all his boats, and a great body of water, which serves as a reservoir, or head, to his navigation; and in order to draw the coals out of the mine, which runs through the hill to an amazing extent, his grace has cut a subterranean passage, big enough for long flat-bottomed boats to go up to the work, and has so preserved the level, that a part of the water, which drives a mill near the mouth of the passage, runs in, and stands to the depth of about five feet. This passage also serves to drain the coal mines of that water which would otherwise obstruct the work, and is to be carried on three miles or more under ground.

Having obtained a ticket to see this curiosity, which is done by sending your name to a new house, which the duke has lately built for his residence, at about half a mile distance, you enter with lighted candles the subterreancan passage in a boat, made for bringing out the coals, of this form and dimensions;

Fifty feet long, four and a half broad.



Two feet three inches deep.

When you first enter the passage, and again when you come among the colliers, your heart will be apt to fail you; for it seems so much like leaving this world for the regions of darkness, that I could think of nothing but those descriptions of the infernal shades which the poets have drawn for *Ulysses*, *Æneas*, and your old friend *Telemachus*. There is more civility, however, in this region, than *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Fenelon* ever discovered in theirs; for should your spirits sink, the company are ever ready to aid you with

a glass of wine; even *Charon* himself will offer you a cup on the occasion.

Through this passage you proceed, towing the boat on each hand by the rail, to the extent of 1,000 yards, that is, near three quarters of a mile, before you come to the coal works; then the passage divides, and one branch continues on a straight line among the coal works 300 yards further, while another turns off, and proceeds 300 yards to the left; and each of them may be extended farther, or other passages be conveyed from them to any other part, as the mines may run and necessity require. Hence you will perceive, that those who go up both passages travel near three miles underground before they return. The passages in those parts where there were coals or loose earth, are arched over with brick, in others the arch is cut out of the rock.

At certain distances there are, in niches, on the side of the arch, funnels or openings through the rock to the top of the hill (which is in some places near 87 yards perpendicular) in order [to] preserve a free circulation of fresh air, as well as to [prevent] those damps and exhalations that are often so destructive in works of this kind, and to let down men to work in case any accident should happen to the passage. Near the entrance of the passage, and again further on, there are gates to close up the arch, and prevent the admission of too much air in tempestuous and windy weather.

At the entrance the arch is about six feet wide, and about five feet high from the surface of the water; but as you come further in it is wider, and in some places opened so that the boats, that are going to and fro, can pass each other; and when you come among the pits the arch is ten feet wide.

The coals are brought from the pits to this passage or canal in little low waggons that hold near a ton each, and as the work is on the descent, are easily pushed by a man,

on a railed way, to a stage over the canal, and then shot into one of the boats already mentioned, each of which holds about eight tons. They then, by means of the rails, are drawn out by one man to a bason at the mouth of the passage, where four, five, or six of them are linked together, and drawn by one horse or two mules, by the side of the canal, to *Manchester* or other places where the canal is conveyed.

There are also on the canal, other broad boats, that hold about fifty tons, which are likewise drawn by one horse. Of the small boats there are about fifty employed in the work and of the large ones a considerable number.

21. AN EVENING WITH DR JOHNSON AT THE MITRE

SOURCE: Boswell, *Life of Johnson.* 1791.

On Wednesday, July 6th [1763], he [Dr Johnson] was engaged to sup with me at my lodgings in Downing-street, Westminster. But on the preceding night my landlord having behaved very rudely to me and some company who were with me, I had resolved not to remain another night in his house. I was exceedingly uneasy at the awkward appearance I supposed I should make to Johnson and the other gentlemen whom I had invited, not being able to receive them at home, and being obliged to order supper at the Mitre. I went to Johnson in the morning, and talked of it as of a serious distress. He laughed, and said, "Consider, Sir, how insignificant this will appear a twelvemonth hence. . . . There is nothing in this mighty misfortune; nay, we shall be better at the Mitre. . . ."

. . . . . .

I had as my guests this evening at the Mitre tavern, Dr Johnson, Dr Goldsmith, Mr Thomas Davies, Mr Eccles, an Irish gentleman, for whose agreeable company I was obliged to Mr Davies, and the Revd. Mr Ogilvie, . . . who

was very desirous of being in company with my illustrious friend, while I, in my turn, was proud to have the honour of showing one of my countrymen upon what easy terms Johnson permitted me to live with him.

Goldsmith, as usual, endeavoured, with too much eagerness, to shine, and disputed very warmly wth Johnson against the well-known maxim of the British constitution, "the King can do no wrong," affirming, that "what was morally false could not be politically true; and as the King might, in the exercise of his regal power, command and cause the doing of what was wrong, it certainly might be said, in sense and in reason, that he could do wrong." JOHNSON—"Sir, you are to consider, that in our constitution, according to its true principles, the King is the head; he is supreme; he is above everything, and there is no power by which he can be tried. Therefore it is, Sir, that we hold the King can do no wrong, that whatever may happen to be wrong in government may not be above our reach, by being ascribed to Majesty. Redress is always to be had against oppression, by punishing the immediate agents. The King, though he should command, cannot force a judge to condemn a man unjustly; therefore it is the judge whom we prosecute and punish. . . . It is better in general that a nation should have a supreme legislative power, although it may at times be abused. And then, Sir, there is this consideration, that *if the abuse be enormous, Nature will rise up, and claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system.*"

. . . . . .

Mr Ogilvie was unlucky enough to choose for the topick of his conversation the praises of his native country. He began with saying, that there was very rich land round Edinburgh. Goldsmith, who had studied physick there, contradicted this, very untruly, with a sneering laugh. Disconcerted a little by this, Mr Oglivie then took new ground,

where, I suppose, he thought himself perfectly safe; for he observed, that Scotland had a great many noble wild prospects.

JOHNSON—"I believe, Sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, Sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to England!" This unexpected and pointed sally produced a roar of applause.

. . . . . .

15*th Feb.*, 1766.—At the Mitre, when I presented to him [Johnson] my old and most intimate friend, the Revd. Mr Temple, then of Cambridge. I having mentioned that I had passed some time with Rousseau in his wild retreat, and having quoted some remark made by Mr Wilkes, with whom I had spent many pleasant hours in Italy, Johnson said, (sarcastically,) "It seems, Sir, you have kept very good company abroad, Rousseau and Wilkes!" Thinking it enough to defend one at a time, I said nothing as to my gay friend, but answered with a smile, "My dear Sir, you don't call Rousseau bad company. Do you really think *him* a bad man?" JOHNSON—"Sir, if you are talking jestingly of this, I don't talk with you. If you mean to be serious, I think him one of the worst of men; a rascal, who ought to be hunted out of society, as he has been. Three or four nations have expelled him; and it is a shame that he is protected in this country." BOSWELL—"I don't deny, Sir, but that his novel may perhaps do harm; but I cannot think his intention was bad." JOHNSON—"Sir, that will not do. We cannot prove any man's intention to be bad. You may shoot a man through the head, and say you intended to miss him; but the judge will order you to be hanged. . . . Rousseau, Sir, is a very bad man. I would sooner sign a sentence for his transportation, than that of

any felon who has gone from the Old Bailey these many years. Yes, I should like to have him work in the plantations." BOSWELL—"Sir, do you think him as bad a man as Voltaire?" JOHNSON—"Why, Sir, it is difficult to settle the proportion of iniquity between them."

22. ROADS AND INNS DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

ROADS

SOURCES: Various.

a. SOURCE: Hervey, *Memoirs of the Reign of George II*, 1848.

The length of way (from Windsor to Petworth) was only 40 miles, but 14 hours were consumed in traversing it; while almost every mile was signalized by the overturn of a carriage, or its temporary swamping in the mire. Even the royal chariot would have fared no better than the rest had it not been for the relays of peasants, who poised and kept it erect by strength of arm and shouldered it forward the last nine miles, in which tedious operation 6 good hours were consumed.

b. SOURCE: Wesley, *Journal.*

The road near Leigh in Essex: The ruts were so deep and uneven that the horses could scarce stand, and the chaise was continually in danger of overturning; so my companions thought it best to walk to town, though the road was both wet and dirty.

c. SOURCE: Defoe, *Tour through Great Britain*, 1724–26.

Going to church at a country village, not far from Lewis, I saw an ancient lady—and a lady of very good quality I assure you—drawn to church in her coach with six oxen: nor was it done in frolic or humour, but mere necessity, the way being so stiff and deep that no horses could go in it.

d. SOURCE: Hervey, *Memoirs of the Reign of George II*, 1848.

The road between this place (Kensington) and London is grown so infamously bad, that we live here in the same solitude as we would do if cast on a rock in the middle of the ocean; and all the Londoners tell us that there is between them and us an impassable gulf of mud.

e. SOURCE: Young, *A Six Months Tour through the North of England*, 1770–71.

From *Richmond* to *Darlington*, by *Croft Bridge*. To *Croft Bridge* cross, and very indifferent. From thence to *Darlington* is the great north road, and execrably broke into holes, like an old pavement; sufficient to dislocate ones bones.

To *Durham*. Turnpike. Good. But some of it rough.

To *Newcastle*. Turnpike. Good; but part of it broken.

From *Beverly* to *Driffield* is, I think, by much the best turnpike road I have met with in Yorkshire.

From London to Oxford. Turnpike. Middling. Many narrow ways, where a horse cannot pass a carriage; and in general, in this country, the not breaking the stones small enough is a great nuisance.

[From London] to Stevenage. Turnpike. Very good.

From Stevenage to Luton. Cross [Rd.]. Execrable.

[From Newport-Pagnel] to Bedford. Turnpike. A vile narrow cut-up lane.

From Doncaster to Pontefract. Cross. Indifferent.

From Lancaster to Preston. Turnpike. Very bad.

From Preston to Wigan. Ditto. I know not, in the whole range of language, terms sufficiently expressive to describe this infernal road. . . . Let me most seriously caution all travellers, who may accidentally purpose to travel this terrible country, to avoid it as they would the devil: for a thousand to one but they break their necks

or their limbs by overthrows or breakings down. They will here meet with ruts which I actually measured four feet deep, and floating with mud only from the wet summer; what therefore must it be after a winter? The only mending it in places receives, is the tumbling in some loose stones, which serve no other purpose but jolting a carriage in the most intolerable manner. . . .

[From Wigan] to Warrington. Turnpike. This is a paved road, and most infamously bad. Any person would imagine the boobies of the country had made it with a view to immediate destruction; for the breadth is only sufficient for one carriage. . . .

[From Brentford] to London. Turnpike. Excellent.

From Henley to Maidenhead. Turnpike. Admirable. But much too narrow for such vast traffic.

Inns

I think there are many objections to suffering the characters of inns, and the *minutiæ* of a journey, to intermix with the material objects of a tour. But I cannot agree with those who think all matters of this sort beneath a man's notice; the most trifling circumstances are of some weight in deciding the character and state of a nation; the grand chain of prosperity has links we do not think of: Good roads, and convenient accommodations for travellers, are necessary, not only to agriculture and manufactures, but to the fine arts; even to literature, and every embellishment of life; the possession of them implies a state of prosperity and elegance. It is of consequence to know, that in the remotest parts of the kingdom a traveller will meet a reception, in most respects different from what he will find in foreign countries; a decent bed; clean sheets; plenty of fuel; wholesome provisions; and generally a civil landlord. . . .

Grantham: "George." . . . Very good, uncommonly civil and very reasonable.

Newark: "Saracen's Head." Disagreeable and dear.

Rotherham: "Crown." Very disagreeable and dirty; but very cheap. . . .

Sheffield: "Angel." . . . Very good, exceedingly civil, and cheap.

Wakefield: "White Hart." . . . Disagreeable and dirty; but cheap.

Leeds: "Old King's Arms." . . . Dirty and disagreeable.

Beverly: "Tiger." . . . Very civil and reasonable.

Castle Howard: "New Inn." . . . An excellent house, but dear, and a saucy landlady.

Oxford: "Angel." Very dirty, and not obliging.

Woodstock: "Bear." . . . Good.

Henley: "Red Lion." . . . Very good.

Worcester: "Hop Pole." Good; very civil.

Birmingham: "Swan." . . . Good, but rather dear.

23. THE DIVISION OF LABOUR

SOURCE: Adam Smith, *Wealth of Nations*, 1776.

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-labourer in a civilised and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the woolcomber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers,

besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others who often live in a very distant part of the country! how much commerce and navigation in particular, how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world! What a variety of labour too is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of these workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting house, the brick-maker, the brick-layer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the millwright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them. Were we to examine, in the same manner, all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him perhaps by a long sea and a long land carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen or pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts

of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniences; if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilised country could not be provided, even according to what we very falsely imagine the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated. Compared, indeed, with the more extravagant luxury of the great, his accommodation must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy; and yet it may be true perhaps that the accommodation of an European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute master of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.

24. THE STATE OF THE POOR [1795]

SOURCE: Sir F. Eden, *State of the Poor*, 1797. East Riding of Yorkshire. Neighbourhood of Hornsey.

Common wages, with diet, from Martinmas to Lady-day, 5s. the week; ditto from Lady-day to Mid-summer, 6s.; ditto, from Mid-summer to Michaelmas, 9s.; ditto, from Michaelmas to Martinmas, 6s. Common wages, without diet, 9s. the week in winter; and 12s. in summer. In harvest, men receive 12s. and 14s. the week and victuals; and women, 6s. and 7s. the week, with beer, but no meat. There is very constant employment, in the winter. The labourers are, in general, supplied by their employers with corn, etc., much below the market price. The rents of cottages vary according to the quantity of land annexed; and are from £1 to £1 10s. Many of the cottages on this coast are miserable hovels, built of mud and straw. Such

habitations are sometimes granted by the parish to poor families; and sometimes the parishes supply their poor inhabitants with fuel. Many cottagers cultivate potatoes in their garths and gardens; some have a pig; and a few keep cows. . . .

25. A FARMER'S FARE IN 1799

SOURCE: Parkinson, *The Experienced Farmer's Tour in America*, 1805.

I was accustomed to eat what may be termed black bread, for which the small wheat called hinder-ends, or light wheat taken out of the best sent to market, is used and kept for family use; which being ground, was afterwards passed through a wide sieve, with the small bran searched out of the best wheat flour, and put amongst the bread meal; altogether making a sort of coarse or black bread; and the fine flour used for puddings, pies, etc. Yeast not being then in general use, a piece of dough was kept out of the last baking and salted; which before the time of using it for the next batch, becoming sour, this sort of bread acquired the same quality. Very fat bacon was the chief of our diet, garden stuff not being in such general use at this time, excepting the large Windsor beans in summer, and potatoes occasionally in the winter, with pease-puddings. I know no greater dainty to me than these beans and fat bacon, or pease-pudding, to the offal of pig's flesh in the winter, or some of the black bread and fat bacon.

26. ENGLISH PASSION FOR POLITICS

SOURCE: Goldsmith's *The Citizen of the World*, 1775.

I have already informed you of the singular passion of this nation for politics. An Englishman not satisfied with finding by his own prosperity the contending powers of Europe properly balanced, desires also to know the precise value of every weight in either scale. To gratify this curiosity, a leaf of political instruction is served up every

morning with tea. When our politician has feasted upon this, he repairs to a coffee-house, in order to ruminate upon what he has read, and increase his collection; from thence he proceeds to the ordinary, enquires what news, and treasuring up every acquisition there, hunts about all the evening in quest of more, and carefully adds it to the rest. Thus at night he retires home, full of the important advices of the day. When lo! awaking next morning, he finds the instructions of yesterday, a collection of absurdity or palpable falsehood. This, one would think, a mortifying repulse in the pursuit of wisdom; yet our politician no way discouraged, hunts on in order to collect fresh materials, and in order to be again disappointed.

I have often admired the commercial spirit which prevails over Europe; have been surprised to see them carry on a traffic with productions, that an Asiatic stranger would deem entirely useless. It is a proverb in China, that an European suffers not even his spittle to be lost; the maxim, however, is not sufficiently strong; since they sell even their lies to great advantage. Every nation drives a considerable trade in this commodity with their neighbours.

An English dealer in this way, for instance, has only to ascend to his work-house, and manufacture a turbulent speech averred to be spoken in the senate; or a report supposed to be dropt at court; a piece of scandal that strikes a popular Mandarine; or a secret treaty between two neighbouring powers. When finished, these goods are baled up and consigned to a factor abroad, who sends in return two battles, three sieges, and a shrewd letter filled with dashes —— blanks and stars * * * of great importance.

Thus you perceive, that a single Gazette is the joint manufacture of Europe; and he who would peruse it with a philosophical eye, might perceive in every paragraph, something characteristic of the nation to which it belongs.

A map does not exhibit a more distinct view of the boundaries and situation of every country, than its news does a picture of the genius and the morals of its inhabitants. The superstition and erroneous delicacy of Italy, the formality of Spain, the cruelty of Portugal, the fears of Austria, the confidence of Prussia, the levity of France, the avarice of Holland, the pride of England, the absurdity of Ireland, and the national partiality of Scotland, are all conspicuous in every page.

But, perhaps, you may find more satisfaction in a real news paper, than in my description of one; I therefore send a specimen, which may serve to exhibit the manner of their being written, and distinguish the characters of the various nations which are united in its composition.

NAPLES.—We have lately dug up here a curious Etruscan monument, broke in two in the raising. The characters are scarce visible; but *Nugosi*, the learned antiquary, supposes it to have been erected in honour of *Picus*, a Latin king, as one of the lines may be plainly distinguished to begin with a P. It is hoped this discovery will produce something valuable, as the literati of our twelve academies are deeply engaged in the disquisition.

PISA.—Since father Fudgi, prior of St Gilbert's, has gone to reside at Rome, no miracles have been performed at the shrine of St Gilbert; the devout begin to grow uneasy, and some begin actually to fear that St Gilbert has forsaken them with the reverend father.

LUCCA.—The administrators of our serene republic have frequent conferences upon the part they shall take in the present commotions of Europe. Some are for sending a body of their troops, consisting of one company of foot and six horsemen, to make a diversion in favour of the empress-queen [Maria-Theresa, Queen of Hungary]; others are as strenuous asserters of the Prussian interest: what turn these debates may take, time only can discover. However,

certain it is, we shall be able to bring into the field at the opening of the next campaign, seventy-five armed men, a commander-in-chief, and two drummers of great experience.

SPAIN.—Yesterday the new king showed himself to his subjects, and after having stayed half an hour in his balcony, retired to the royal apartment. The night concluded on this extraordinary occasion, with illuminations and other demonstrations of joy.

The queen is more beautiful than the rising sun, and reckoned one of the first wits in Europe: she had a glorious opportunity of displaying the readiness of her invention, and her skill in repartee lately at court. The duke of Lerma, coming up to her with a low bow and a smile, and presenting a nosegay set with diamonds, *Madame,* cries he, *I am your most obedient humble servant. O, Sir,* replies the queen, without any prompter, or the least hesitation, *I'm very proud of the very great honour you do me.* Upon which she made a low curtesy, and all the courtiers fell a-laughing at the readiness and the smartness of her reply.

LISBON.—Yesterday we had an *auto da fe,* at which were burned three young women accused of heresy, one of them of exquisite beauty; two Jews, and an old woman, convicted of being a witch: One of the friars, who attended this last, reports, that he saw the devil fly out of her at the stake in the shape of a flame of fire. The populace behaved on this occasion with great good humour, joy, and sincere devotion.

Our *merciful Sovereign* has been for some time past recovered of his fright: though so atrocious an attempt deserved to exterminate half the nation, yet he has been graciously pleased to spare the lives of his subjects, and not above five hundred have been broke upon the wheel, or otherwise executed upon this horrid occasion.

VIENNA.—We have received certain advices that a party of twenty thousand Austrians, having attacked a much

superior body of Prussians, put them all to flight, and took the rest prisoners of war.

BERLIN.—We have received certain advices that a party of twenty thousand Prussians, having attacked a much superior body of Austrians, put them to flight, and took a great number of prisoners, with their military chest, cannon, and baggage.

Though we have not succeeded this campaign to our wishes; yet, when we think of him who commands us, we rest in security: while we sleep, our king is watchful for our safety.

PARIS.—We shall soon strike a signal blow. We have seventeen flat-bottomed boats at Havre. The people are in excellent spirits, and our ministers make no difficulty of raising the supplies.

We are all undone; the people are discontented to the last degree; the ministers are obliged to have recourse to the most rigorous methods to raise the expenses of the war. . . .

ENGLAND.—Wanted an usher to an academy.—*N.B.*—He must be able to read, dress hair, and must have had the small-pox. . . .

We hear from Germany that Prince Ferdinand has gained a complete victory, and taken twelve kettle-drums, five standards, and four waggons of ammunition prisoners of war.

EDINBURGH.—We are positive when we say, that Saunders M'Gregor, who was lately executed for horse-stealing, is not a Scotchman, but born in Carrickfergus. Farewell.

27. SOME ENGLISH CUSTOMS

SOURCE: C. P. Moritz, *Travels, chiefly on foot, through Several Parts of Great Britain*, 1782. In John Pinkerton, *General Collection of Voyages and Travels*, 1808–14. Vol. II.

The singing of the choristers in the streets, so usual with us [in Germany], is not at all customary here. Indeed,

there is in England, or at least in London, such a constant walking, riding, and driving up and down in the streets, that it would not be very practicable. Parents here, in general, nay even those of the lowest classes, seem to be kind and indulgent to their children; and do not, like our common people, break their spirits too much by blows and sharp language. Children should certainly be inured early to set a proper value on themselves; whereas with us, parents of the lower class bring up their children to the same slavery under which they themselves groan.

Notwithstanding the constant new appetites and calls of fashion, they here remain faithful to nature till a certain age. What a contrast, when I figure to myself our petted, pale-faced Berlin boys, at six years old, with a large bag, and all the parade of grown-up persons, nay even with laced coats; and here, on the contrary, see nothing but fine, ruddy, slim, active boys, with their bosoms open, and their hair cut on their forehead, whilst behind it flows naturally in ringlets. It is something uncommon here to meet a young man, and more especially a boy, with a pale or sallow face, with deformed features, or disproportioned limbs. With us, alas! it is not to be concealed, the case is very much otherwise: if it were not, handsome people would hardly strike us so very much as they do in this country.

This free, loose, and natural dress, is worn till they are eighteen, or even till they are twenty. It is then, indeed, discontinued by the higher rank, but with the common people it always remains the same. They then begin to have their hair dressed, and curled with irons, to give the head a large bushy appearance, and half their backs are covered with powder. I am obliged to remain still longer under the hands of an English, than I was under a German hair-dresser; and to sweat under his hot irons, with which he curls my hair all over, in order that I may appear among Englishmen, somewhat English. I must here observe that

the English hair-dressers are also barbers, an office, however, which they perform very badly indeed; though I cannot but consider shaving as a far more proper employment for these petit maîtres than it is for surgeons, who, you know, in our country are obliged to shave us. It is incredible how much the English at present Frenchify themselves; the only things yet wanting are bags and swords, with which at least, I have seen no one walking publicly, but I am told they are worn at court.

In the morning it is usual to walk out in a sort of negligée, or morning dress, your hair not dressed, but merely rolled up in rollers, and in a frock and boots. In Westminster, the morning lasts till four or five o'clock, at which time they dine; and supper and going to bed are regulated accordingly. They generally do not breakfast till ten o'clock. The farther you go from the court into the city, the more regular and domestic the people become; and there they generally dine about three o'clock, *i.e.* as soon as the business or 'Change is over.

Trimmed suits are not yet worn, and the most usual dress is in summer, a short white waistcoat, black breeches, white silk stockings, and a frock, generally of very dark blue cloth, which looks like black; and the English seem in general to prefer dark colours. If you wish to be full drest, you wear black. Officers rarely wear their uniforms, but dress like other people, and are to be known to be officers only by a cockade in their hats. . . .

Electricity happens at present to be the puppet-show of the English. Whoever at all understands electricity, is sure of being noticed and successful.—This a certain Mr Katterfelto experiences, who gives himself out for a Prussian, speaks bad English, and understands, besides the usual electrical and philosophical experiments, some legerdemain tricks, with which (at least according to the papers) he sets the whole world in wonder. . . . Every sensible person

considers Katterfelto as a puppy, an ignoramus, a braggadocio, and an imposter; notwithstanding which he has a number of followers. He has demonstrated to the people, that the influenza is occasioned by a small kind of insect, which poisons the air; and a nostrum, which he pretends to have found out, to prevent or destroy it, is eagerly bought of him.

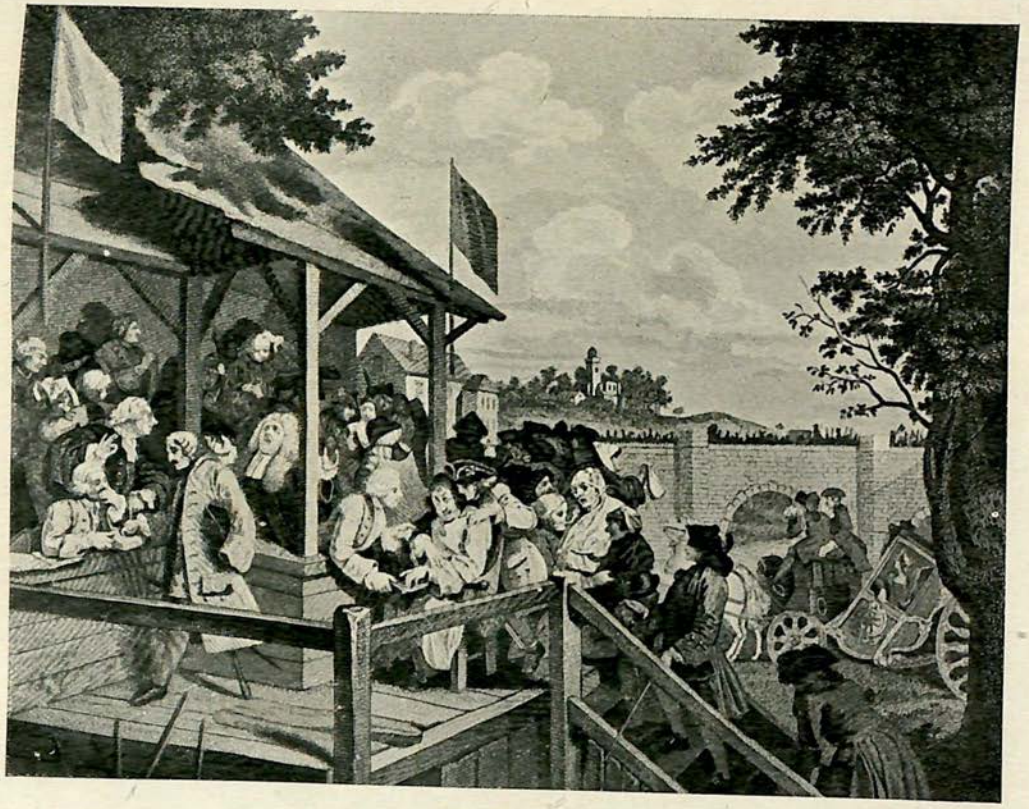
28. ELECTION OF A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

SOURCE: As No. 27.

The cities of London and Westminster send, the one four, and the other two members to Parliament, Mr Fox is one of the two members for Westminster; one seat was vacant, and that vacancy was now to be filled. And the same Sir Cecil Wray, whom Fox had before opposed to Lord Hood, was now publicly chosen. They tell me that at these elections, when there is a strong opposition-party, there is often bloody work; but this election was, in the electioneering phrase, a "hollow thing," *i.e.* quite sure; as those who had voted for Admiral Hood now withdrew, without standing a poll; as being convinced beforehand, their chance to succeed was desperate.

The election was held in Covent-garden, a large market place, in the open air. There was a scaffold erected just before the door of a very handsome church, which is also called St Paul's; but which however is not to be compared to the cathedral.

A temporary edifice, formed only of boards and wood nailed together, was erected on the occasion. It was called the hustings, and filled with benches; and at one end of it, where the benches ended, mats were laid; on which those who spoke to the people, stood. In the area before the hustings, immense multitudes of people were assembled; of whom the greatest part seemed to be of the lowest order.



The Polling

The House of Commons in 1793

To this tumultuous crowd, however, the speakers often bowed very low, and always addressed them by the title of gentlemen. Sir Cecil Wray was obliged to step forward and promise these same gentlemen, with hand and heart, that he would faithfully fulfil his duties, as their representative. He also made an apology, because, on account of his long journey, and ill health, he had not been able to wait on them, as became him, at their respective houses. The moment that he began to speak even this rude rabble became all as quiet as the raging sea after a storm; only every now and then rending the air with the parliamentary cry of "Hear him! hear him!" and as soon as he had done speaking, they again vociferated aloud an universal huzza, every one, at the same time, waving his hat.

And now, being formally declared to have been legally chosen, he again bowed most profoundly, and returned thanks for the great honour done him: when a well-dressed man, whose name I could not learn, stepped forward, and in a well indited speech congratulated both the chosen and the choosers. "Upon my word," said a gruff carter, who stood near me, "that man speaks well."

Even little boys clambered up and hung on the rails and on the lamp posts; and as if the speeches had also been addressed to them, they too listened with the utmost attention: and they too testified their approbation of it, by joining lustily in the three cheers, and waving their hats.

All the enthusiasm of my earliest years, kindled by the patriotism of the illustrious heroes of Rome, Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, and Anthony, were now revived in my mind: and though all I had just seen and heard, be, in fact, but the semblance of liberty, and that too tribunitial liberty, yet at that moment, I thought it charming, and it warmed my heart. Yes, depend on it, my friend, when you here see how, in this happy country, the lowest and meanest member

of society, thus unequivocably testifies the interest which he takes in everything of a public nature; when you see, how even women and children bear a part in the great concerns of their country; in short, how high and low, rich and poor, all concur in declaring their feelings and their convictions, that a carter, a common tar, or a scavenger, is still a man, nay, an Englishman; and as such has his rights and privileges defined and known as exactly and as well as his King, or as his King's minister—take my word for it, you will feel yourself very differently affected from what you are, when staring at our soldiers in their exercises at Berlin.

When Fox, who was among the voters, arrived at the beginning of the election, he too was received with an universal shout of joy. At length, when it was nearly over, the people took it into their heads to hear him speak, and every one called out, Fox! Fox! I know not why, but I seemed to catch some of the spirit of the place and time; and so I also bawled Fox! Fox! and he was obliged to come forward and speak; for no other reason that I could find, but that the people wished to hear him speak. . . .

When the whole was over, the rampant spirit of liberty, and the wild impatience of a genuine English mob, were exhibited in perfection. In a very few minutes the whole scaffolding, benches, and chairs, and every thing else, was completely destroyed; and the mat with which it had been covered torn into ten thousand long strips or pieces, or strings, with which they encircled or enclosed multitudes of people of all ranks. These they hurried along with them, and everything else that came in their way, as trophies of joy; and thus, in the midst of exultation and triumph, they paraded through many of the most populous streets of London. . . .

29. A DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS [1782]

SOURCE: As No. 27.

The first day that I was at the House of Commons, an English gentleman who sat next to me in the gallery, very obligingly pointed out to me the principal members, such as Fox, Burke, Rigby, etc., all of whom I heard speak. The debate happened to be whether, besides being made a peer, any other specific reward should be bestowed by the nation on their gallant admiral Rodney. In the course of the debate, I remember, Mr Fox was very sharply reprimanded by young lord Fielding, for having, when minister, opposed the election of admiral Hood, as a member for Westminster.

Fox was sitting to the right of the speaker, not far from the table on which the gilt sceptre lay. He now took his place so near it that he could reach it with his hand, and thus placed, he gave it many a violent and hearty thump, either to aid, or to shew the energy with which he spoke. If the charge was vehement, his defence was no less so: he justified himself against lord Fielding, by maintaining, that he had not opposed this election in the character of a minister, but as an individual, or private person: and that, as such, he had freely and honestly given his vote for another, namely for Sir Cecil Wray; adding, that the King, when he appointed him secretary of state, had entered into no agreement with him, by which he lost his vote as an individual: to such a requisition he never would have submitted. It is impossible for me to describe, with what fire, and persuasive eloquence he spoke, and how the speaker in the chair incessantly nodded approbation from beneath his solemn wig; and innumerable voices incessantly called out, Hear him! hear him! and when there was the least sign that he intended to leave off speaking, they no less vociferously exclaimed, Go on; and so he continued to speak in this manner for nearly two hours. Mr Rigby in reply, made a

short but humourous speech, in which he mentioned of how little consequence the title of lord and lady was without money to support it, and finished with the Latin proverb, "infelix paupertas,—quia ridiculos miseros facit." After having first very judiciously observed that previous enquiry should be made, whether admiral Rodney had made any rich prizes or captures; because, if that should be the case, he would not stand in need of further reward in money. I have since been almost every day at the parliament house; and prefer the entertainment there meet with, to most other amusements.

Fox is still much beloved by the people, notwithstanding that they are, (and certainly with good reason) displeased at his being the cause of admiral Rodney's recal; though even I have heard him again and again, almost extravagant in his encomiums on this noble admiral. The same celebrated Charles Fox is a short, fat, and gross man, with a swarthy complexion, and dark; and in general is badly dressed. There certainly is something Jewish in his looks. But upon the whole, he is not an ill-made nor an ill-looking man; and there are many strong marks of sagacity and fire in his eyes. I have frequently heard the people here say, that this same Mr Fox is as cunning as a fox. Burke is a well made, tall, upright man, but looks elderly and broken. Rigby is excessively corpulent, and has a jolly rubicund face.

The little less than downright open abuse, and the many really rude things which the members said to each other, struck me much. For example, when one has finished, another rises, and immediately taxes with absurdity all that the right honourable gentleman, (for with this title the members of the House of Commons always honour each other) had just advanced. It would indeed be contrary to the rules of the house, flatly to tell each other that what they have spoken is *false*, or even *foolish*: instead of this,

they turn themselves, as usual, to the Speaker, and so, whilst their address is directed to him, they fancy they violate neither the rules of parliament, nor those of good breeding and decorum, whilst they utter the most cutting personal sarcasms against the member, or the measure they oppose. . . .

Two shorthand writers have sat sometimes not far distant from me, who (though it is rather by stealth) endeavour to take down the words of the speaker; and thus all that is very remarkable in what is said in parliament, may generally be read in print the next day. The shorthand writers, whom I noticed, are supposed to be employed and paid by the editors of the different newspapers. . . . There appears to be much more politeness and more courteous behaviour in the members of the upper house. But he who wishes to observe mankind, and to contemplate the leading traits of the different characters most strongly marked, will do well to attend frequently the lower, rather than the other, house.

30. HIGHWAYMEN

SOURCE: As No. 27.

Richmond, 21st June, 1782.

Yesterday afternoon I had the luxury, for the first time, of being driven in an English stage. These coaches are at least in the eyes of a foreigner, quite elegant, lined in the inside; and with two seats large enough to accommodate six persons; but it must be owned, when the carriage is full, the company are rather crowded.

At the White Hart from whence the coach sets out, there was, at first, only an elderly lady who got in; but as we drove along, it was soon filled, and mostly by ladies, there being only one more gentleman and myself. The conversation of the ladies among themselves, who appeared to be a little acquainted with each other, seemed to me to be but very insipid and tiresome. All I could do was, I drew

out my book of the roads, and marked the way we were going.

Before you well know that you are out of London, you are already in Kensington and Hammersmith; because there are all the way houses on both sides, after you are out of the city; just as you may remember the case is with us when you drive from Berlin to Schoneberg; although in point of prospect, houses, and streets, the difference, no doubt, is prodigious.

It was a fine day, and there were various delightful prospects on both sides, on which the eye would willingly have dwelt longer, had not our coach rolled on past them, so provokingly quick. It appeared somewhat singular to me, when, at a few miles from London, I saw at a distance a beautiful white house; and perceived on the high road, on which we were driving, a direction post, on which were written these words: "that great white house, at a distance, is a boarding-school!"

The man who was with us in the coach pointed out to us the county seats of the lords and great people, by which we passed; and entertained us with all kinds of stories of robberies which had been committed on travellers, hereabouts: so that the ladies at last began to be rather afraid; on which he began to stand up for the superior honour of the English robbers, when compared with the French: the former he said robbed only, the latter both robbed and murdered.

Notwithstanding this, there are in England another species of villains, who also murder, and that oftentimes for the merest trifle, of which they rob the person murdered. These are called Footpads, and are the lowest class of English rogues; amongst whom, in general there reigns something like some regard to character.

The highest order of thieves are the pick-pockets, or cutpurses, whom you find every where; and sometimes

even in the best companies. They are generally well and handsomely dressed, so that you take them to be persons of rank; as indeed may sometimes be the case: persons who by extravagance and excesses have reduced themselves to want, and find themselves obliged at last to have recourse to pilfering and thieving.

Next to them come the highwaymen, who rob on horseback; and often, they say, even with unloaded pistols they terrify travellers, in order to put themselves in possession of their purses. Among these persons, however, there are instances of true greatness of soul, there are numberless instances of their returning a part of their booty, where the party robbed has appeared to be particularly distressed; and they are seldom guilty of murder.

Then comes the third and lowest, and worst of all thieves and rogues, the footpads before mentioned; who are on foot, and often murder in the most inhuman manner, for the sake of only a few shillings, any unfortunate people who happen to fall in their way. Of this several mournful instances may be read almost daily in the English papers. Probably they murder because they cannot like highwaymen, aided by their horses, make a rapid flight; and therefore such pests are frequently pretty easily pursued and taken, if the person robbed gives information of his robbery in time.

But to return to our stage, I must observe, that they have here a curious way of riding, not in, but upon a stage coach. Persons to whom it is not convenient to pay a full price, instead of the inside, sit on the top of the coach, without any seats or even a rail. By what means passengers thus fasten themselves securely on the roof of these vehicles, I know not; but you constantly see numbers seated there, apparently at their ease, and in perfect safety.

This they call riding on the outside; for which they pay only half as much as those pay who are within.

31. A BOAT RACE

SOURCE: Horace Walpole, *Letters* (1735–1797). To Miss Berry.

Aug. 23, 1791.—On Monday was the boat-race. I was in the great room at the Castle, with the Duke of Clarence, Lady Di, Lord Robert Spencer, and the House of Bouverie, to see the boats start from the bridge to Thistleworth, and back to a tent erected on Lord Dysart's meadow, just before Lady Di's windows; whither we went to see them arrive, and where we had breakfast. For the second heat, I sat in my coach on the bridge; and did not stay for the third. The day had been coined on purpose, with my favourite south-east wind. The scene, both up the river and down, was what only Richmond upon earth can exhibit. The crowds on those green velvet meadows and on the shores, the yachts, barges, pleasure and small boats, and the windows and gardens lined with spectators, were so delightful, that when I came home from that vivid show, I thought Strawberry [Strawberry Hill, Walpole's residence] looked as dull and solitary as a hermitage. At night there was a ball at the Castle, and illuminations, with the Duke's cypher, etc., in coloured lamps, as were the houses of his Royal Highness's tradesmen. I went again in the evening to the French ladies on the Green, where there was a bonfire; but, you may believe, not to the ball.

32. SUNDAY SCHOOLS [1791]

SOURCE: Madame D'Arblay, *Diary and Letters*, 1842–1846.

Aug. 31, 1791.—The name of Mrs Trimmer led us to talk of the Sunday-schools and Schools of Industry. They are both in a very flourishing state at Bath, and Lady Spencer has taken one school under her own immediate patronage. . . . On Sunday she sent me a message upstairs to say she would take me to see the Sunday-school if I felt well enough

to desire it. . . . It was a most interesting sight. Such a number of poor innocent children all put in a way of right, most taken immediately from every way of wrong, lifting their little hands, and joining in those prayers and supplications for mercy and grace, which, even if they understood not, must at least impress them with a general idea of religion, a dread of evil, and a love of good. . . .

33. DISCOVERY OF VACCINATION

SOURCE: Baron, *Life of Edward Jenner*, 1838.

(a) *Jenner's Petition to Parliament* [1802].

To the Honourable the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled.

The humble Petition of Edward Jenner, Doctor of Physic, SHEWETH,

That your petitioner having discovered that a disease which occasionally exists in a particular form among cattle, known by the name of the cowpox, admits of being inoculated on the human frame with the most perfect ease and safety, and is attended with the singularly beneficial effect of rendering through life the persons so inoculated perfectly secure from the infection of the small-pox.

That your petitioner after a most attentive and laborious investigation of the subject, setting aside considerations of private and personal advantage, and anxious to promote the safety and welfare of his countrymen and of mankind in general, did not wish to conceal the discovery he so made on the mode of conducting this new species of inoculation, but immediately disclosed the whole to the public; and by communication with medical men in all parts of this kingdom, and in foreign countries, sedulously endeavoured to spread the knowledge of his discovery and the benefit of his labours as widely as possible.

That in this latter respect the views and wishes of your petitioner have been completely fulfilled, for to his high gratification he has to say that his inoculation is in practice throughout a great proportion of the civilized world, and has in particular been productive of great advantage to these kingdoms, in consequence of its being introduced, under authority, into the army and navy.

That the said inoculation hath already checked the progress of the small-pox, and from its nature must finally annihilate that dreadful disorder.

That the series of experiments by which this discovery was developed and completed have not only occupied a considerable portion of your petitioner's life, and have not merely been a cause of great expense and anxiety to him, but have so interrupted him in the ordinary exercise of his profession as materially to abridge its pecuniary advantages, without their being counterbalanced by those derived from the new practice.

Your petitioner, therefore, with the full persuasion that he shall meet with that attention and indulgence of which this Honourable House may deem him worthy, humbly prays this Honourable House to take the premises into consideration, and to grant him such remuneration as to their wisdom shall seem meet.

(b) *Brothers of the Five Nations* [1807].

Early in May last, His Excellency Lieutenant-Governor Gore took every possible means to introduce vaccine inoculation among your tribes; but, owing to your people being then out on their hunt, it did not take place. When on public business here about a month after, I spoke to you again, and strongly recommended to your serious consideration the introducing among your people this valuable discovery, the want of which you soon afterwards felt very

severely in the loss of one of your chiefs, Oughquaghga John.

Brothers! I have now the satisfaction to deliver to you a book, sent to you from England by that great man, Dr Jenner, whom God enabled to discover so great a blessing to mankind: it explains fully all the advantages derived from so great a discovery. I, therefore, Brothers, at his request, and in his name, present this book to the Five Nations, as a token of his regard for you and your rising generation, by which many valuable lives may be preserved from that most dreadful pestilence the small-pox.

(Signed) W. CLAUS, D.S.G.I.A.

Speech of the Five Nations, assembled in Council at Fort George, in Upper Canada, to Dr. Jenner, London, on the 8th of November, 1807.

Brother! Our Father has delivered to us the book you sent to instruct us how to use the discovery which the Great Spirit made to you, whereby the smallpox, that fatal enemy of our tribes, may be driven from the earth. We have deposited your book in the hands of the man of skill whom our great Father employs to attend us when sick or wounded.

We shall not fail to teach our children to speak the name of Jenner; and to thank the Great Spirit for bestowing upon him so much wisdom and so much benevolence.

We send with this a belt and string of Wampum, in token of our acceptance of your precious gift; and we beseech the Great Spirit to take care of you in this world and in the land of spirits.

Signed by two representatives of each of the Five Nations —Mohawks, Onondagas, Senecas, Oneidas, Cayougas.

34. WITH WELLINGTON'S ARMY IN THE PENINSULA [1812–14]

SOURCE: Larpent, *Private Journal*, 1853.

Headquarters, Frenada, February 7th, 1813.

There never were known so many Court-martials in this army as at this moment, and as I have the whole direction of them all, I really scarce know where to turn, and my fingers are quite fatigued as well as my brains, with the arrangements and difficulties as to witnesses, etc. I sent out seventeen letters yesterday: and to-day I have one case of thirteen prisoners who have been committing every sort of outrage on their march here. Lord Wellington is now much more easy with me, and seems to trust to me more; and yesterday I was pleased when he said, "If your friends knew what was going on here, they would think you had no sinecure. And how do you suppose I was plagued when I had to do it nearly all myself?"

He seemed to feel relieved, and of course I could not but feel gratified. I can assure you, however, that we have none of us much idle time. Dr M'Gregor has seven hundred medical men to look after. The Quarter-Master-general, all the arrangement of the troops, clothing, etc. The Adjutant-general, daily returns of the whole, constantly checked by an eye that finds out even a wrong casting-up of numbers in the totals. Lord Wellington reads and looks into everything. He hunts every other day almost, and then makes up for it by great diligence and instant decision on the intermediate days. He works until about four o'clock; and then, for an hour or two, parades, with any one whom he wants to talk to, up and down the little square of Frenada (amidst all the chattering Portuguese) in his grey great-coat.

„ *Headquarters, Casseda, June 29th,* 1813.

In marching, our men have no chance at all with the French. The latter beat them hollow, and, I believe, principally owing to their being a more intelligent set of beings, seeing consequences more, and feeling them. This makes them sober and orderly, whenever it becomes material, and on a pinch, their exertions and individual activity are astonishing. Our men get sulky and desperate, drink excessively, and become daily more weak and unable to proceed, principally from their own conduct. They eat voraciously when opportunity offers, after having had short fare. This brings on fluxes, etc. In every respect, except courage, they are very inferior soldiers to the French and Germans. When the two divisions, the 4th and light, passed through Taffalla the day before yesterday, the more soldierlike appearance and conduct of the foreigners, though in person naturally inferior, was very mortifying. Lord Wellington feels it much, and is much hurt.

The 23rd and 11th Portuguese regiments, who behaved in the field on the 23rd as well as any British did, or could do, are on the march, though smaller animals, most superior. They were cheerful, orderly, and steady. The English troops were fagged, half tipsy, weak, disorderly, and unsoldierlike; and yet the Portuguese suffer greater real hardships, as they have no tents, and only bivouac, and have a worse commissariat.

. . . . . .

Lord Wellington at dinner on Sunday directed some jokes at Major D., who makes out the returns, because he wanted to make a grand total of wounded, etc., after the late five days' fighting. He laughed, and said, all might go wrong from this innovation, but he was determined he would have no more grand totals until he got another Vittoria without more loss; that the loss was always great enough, in all

conscience, without displaying it in this ostentatious manner, and that he would not have every drummer and every officer, etc., killed or wounded in the five days, all added up in one grand total, but that at least the croakers should have the trouble themselves of adding up all the different losses, and making it out for themselves.

Headquarters, St Jean de Luz, February 2nd, 1814.

MY DEAR M.

Here we remain absolutely tied by the leg by this horrible state of the roads, and weather, and without any regular news from England. Nothing but reports on the side of France which would encourage us to proceed; and, on the seaside, of heavy gales, and lost vessels. I am just now driven in by a furious hailstorm, and yet the weather is mild, and, till this moment, pleasant enough. We have two ships in our little bay, one full of hay, which has been four days nearly within three hundred yards of the shore, and in hourly danger of drifting on the beach; and yet we have not been able, in spite of our distress, to get out a truss; and the other a brig transport, empty, and driven in here against her will by stress of weather. A frigate was also off here all yesterday, apparently labouring much, and fearful of the coast. We certainly have undertaken a bold thing in wintering in such a place, but it was a choice of difficulties.

If we had money we should do well, but that is as scarce as anything else. Plenty of supplies would come in from the right from the French had we cash to give in return. As it is, in consequence of the little ready money we gave at first, a great quantity of cattle, food, etc., has been obtained, but now we are reduced to Treasury bills, and that cannot last, and the loss is very great. Even the muleteers get a past payment now in those bills, and the consequence is that a person may buy them with dollars at

the rate of 7s. 4d., and, I believe, 7s. 6d. a dollar. The army is also six months, and the staff seven months in arrear of their pay.

We have, however, I believe, plenty of bread and biscuit, and meal for a month with the army, and corn at Passages in abundance. The short transport from thence is almost too much for us, and the supply is by no means general to the animals, whilst long forage is quite a rarity. The destruction in the oxen is frightful in the rear. Our great depôt is as far back as Palencia, and even there, in store, the cattle die very fast, and the moment they march they fall away to nothing, and die by fifties. Our Commissary-general almost despairs of getting more up, although he has made depôts of bran and straw, etc., on the road, to try and obviate the total want of food. It is now in contemplation to ship cattle from St Andar, where there is a store; but then we have rather a scarcity of naval transports also. Cattle would come in as fast as we wished from twenty leagues to our right, could we but pay for it. As it is, I am almost inclined to think we shall, as a choice of evils, be obliged, in spite of the roads, etc., to move towards our right in quest of food.

. . . . . .

I heard a few days since an anecdote about the siege of Rodrigo, which shows the man [Wellington]. Scarcely anyone knew what was to be done; the great preparations were all made in Almeyda, and most supposed, and I believe the French, that everything which arrived there, was for the purpose of defence there, not of attack elsewhere. On a sudden the army was in front of Rodrigo. A new advanced work was discovered, which must be taken before any progress could be made in the siege. To save men and time, an instant attack was resolved upon. Scaling-ladders were necessary; the engineers were applied to; they had none with them, for they were quite ignorant of the plans—an

inconvenience which has often arisen in different departments from Lord Wellington's great secrecy, though the general result, assisted by his genius, has been so good. The scaling could not take place without ladders; Lord Wellington was informed of this. "Well," says he, "you have brought up your ammunition and stores, never mind the waggons, cut them all up directly, they will make excellent ladders—there you see, each side piece is already cut." This was done, and by the help of these novel ladders, the work was scaled forthwith.

At Badajoz, he found so little to be had in the regular way for a siege, from want of transport, and so many difficulties in consequence from the regular bred artillery generals, etc., that he became principal engineer himself, making use of Colonel Dickson, the acting man, as his instrument. These sieges procured Dickson his majority and lieutenant-colonelcy in consequence, and though only a Captain in the Royal Regiment of Artillery, he now conducts the whole department here, because he makes no difficulties.

In one instance Lord Wellington is not like Frederick the Great. He is remarkably neat, and most particular in his dress, considering his situation. He is well made, knows it, and is willing to set off to the best what nature has bestowed. In short, like every great man, present or past, almost without exception, he is vain. He cuts the skirts of his own coats shorter, to make them look smarter: and only a short time since I found him discussing the cut of his half-boots, and suggesting alterations to his servant, when I went in upon business. The vanity of great men shows itself in different ways, but I believe always exists in some shape or other.

Head-Quarters, Bordeaux, July 15th, 1814.

Our final departure from hence appears, at last, to be

gradually approaching. The numbers of the English diminish daily; and though we have for this month past been talking of the "next week," I begin to think that another week will really and truly see us off, and the French army again in possession of Bordeaux.

The tradesmen of the town will miss us greatly. They have made a famous time of it these last three months, as the army has in that time received six months pay, and most of it has found its way into the pockets of the keepers of the restaurateurs, the hotels, etc. Bordeaux has had its full share of the spoils of the *milords*. Nor have the inhabitants suffered anything by the army, except the little inconvenience of giving up a room or two in general as quarters for the officers, who partly made up even for this by giving their hosts tickets for the play, taking boxes for the ladies, etc., and making them presents every now and then. The only persons who have suffered by us at all in the neighbourhood, are those who have small gardens, near the camp. They certainly have had their vegetables and and fruit gathered gratis, and have generally not even had their share. This evil is, however, exaggerated, and much of it which really exists, has been done by the French peasantry and country servants, who, if a soldier takes six cabbages, immediately take a dozen more themselves, sell them in the camp, and swear to the owners that the soldiers are the culprits.

Those who have vineyards as well as gardens, have also their full revenge in the price of their wines, which were immediately doubled, by the arrival of the troops, and the latter, in fact, pay dearly for their vegetables, though they get a good part for nothing. It is fortunate for the inhabitants that we shall be off before the grapes begin to ripen, and for our own soldiers likewise. Surrounded by vineyards, the temptations would be irresistible, and the means of offence almost boundless; so that the loss to the cultivators

of their principal harvest, and the injury to the soldiers, would be very considerable.

35. A VIEW OF THE THREATENED FRENCH INVASION [1815]

SOURCE: Sydney Smith, *Letters of Peter Plymley*, No. 5, 1807.

As for the spirit of the peasantry, in making a gallant defence behind hedgerows, and through plate-racks and hen-coops, highly as I think of their bravery, I do not know any nation in Europe so likely to be struck with panic as the English; and this from their total unacquaintance with the science of war. Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round; cart mares shot; sows of Lord Somerville's breed running wild over the country; the minister of the parish wounded sorely in his hinder parts; Mrs Plymley in fits; all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farm-house been rifled. . . .

The old edition of *Plutarch's Lives*, which lies in the corner of your parlour window, has contributed to work you up to the most romantic expectations of our Roman behaviour. You are persuaded that Lord Amherst will defend Kew Bridge like Cocles; that some maid of honour will break away from her captivity, and swim over the Thames; that the Duke of York will burn his capitulating hand; and little Mr Sturges Bourne give forty years' purchase for Moulsham Hall, while the French are encamped upon it. I hope we shall witness all this, if the French do come; but in the mean time I am so enchanted with the ordinary English behaviour of these invaluable persons, that I earnestly pray no opportunity may be given them for Roman valour, and for those very un-Roman pensions which they would all, of course, take especial care to claim in consequence.

36. RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND

SOURCE: Washington Irving, *Sketch Book.*

> Oh! friendly to the best pursuits of man,
> Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
> Domestic life in rural pleasures past!—COWPER.

The stranger who would form a correct opinion of the English character, must not confine his observations to the metropolis. He must go forth into the country; he must sojourn in villages and hamlets; he must visit castles, villas, farm houses, cottages; he must wander through parks and gardens; along hedges and green lanes; he must loiter about country churches; attend wakes and fairs, and other rural festivals; and cope with the people in all their conditions, and all their habits and humours.

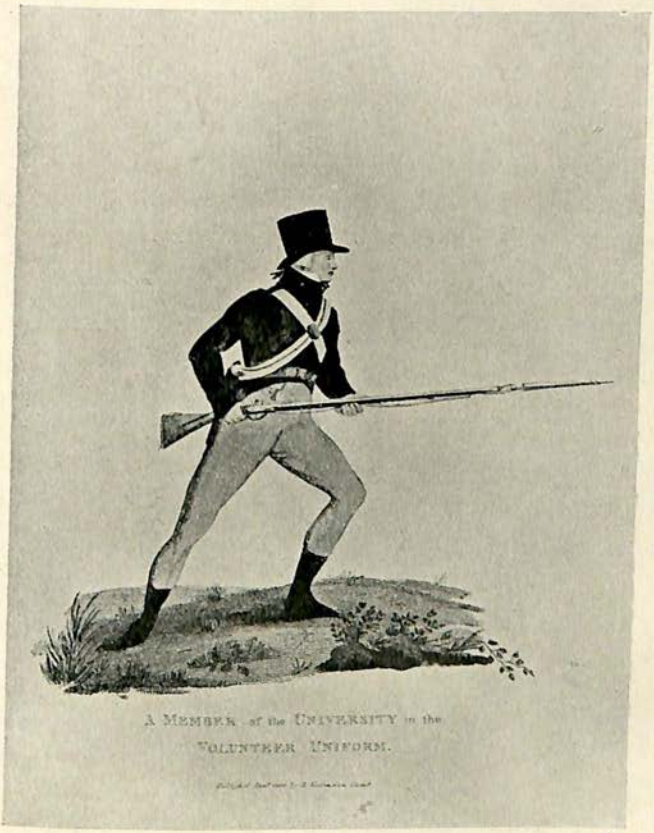
In some countries, the large cities absorb the wealth and fashion of the nation; they are the only fixed abodes of elegant and intelligent society, and the country is inhabited almost entirely by boorish peasantry. In England, on the contrary, the metropolis is a mere gathering place, or general rendezvous, of the polite classes, where they devote a small portion of the year to a hurry of gaiety and dissipation, and having indulged this kind of carnival, return again to the apparently more congenial habits of rural life. The various orders of society are therefore diffused over the whole surface of the kingdom, and the most retired neighbourhoods afford specimens of the different ranks.

The English, in fact, are strongly gifted with the rural feeling. They possess a quick sensibility to the beauties of nature, and a keen relish for the pleasures and employments of the country. This passion seems inherent in them. Even the inhabitants of cities, born and brought up among brick walls and bustling streets, enter with facility into rural habits, and evince a tact for rural occupation. The merchant has his snug retreat in the vicinity of the

metropolis, where he often displays as much pride and zeal in the cultivation of his flower garden, and the maturing of his fruits, as he does in the conduct of his business, and the success of a commercial enterprise. Even those less fortunate individuals, who are doomed to pass their lives in the midst of din and traffic, contrive to have something that shall remind them of the green aspect of nature. In the most dark and dingy quarters of the city, the drawing room window resembles frequently a bank of flowers; every spot capable of vegetation has its grass plot and flower bed; and every square its mimic park, laid out with picturesque taste, and gleaming with refreshing verdure.

Those who see the Englishman only in town are apt to form an unfavourable opinion of his social character. He is either absorbed in business, or distracted by the thousand engagements that dissipate time, thought, and feeling, in this huge metropolis. He has, therefore, too commonly, a look of hurry and abstraction. Wherever he happens to be, he is on the point of going somewhere else; at the moment he is talking on one subject, his mind is wandering to another; and while paying a friendly visit, he is calculating how he shall economise time so as to pay the other visits allotted to the morning. An immense metropolis, like London, is calculated to make men selfish and uninteresting. In their casual and transient meetings they can but deal briefly in commonplaces. They present but the cold superficies of character—its rich and genial qualities have no time to be warmed into a flow.

It is in the country that the Englishman gives scope to his natural feelings. He breaks loose gladly from the cold formalities and negative civilities of town; throws off his habits of shy reserve, and becomes joyous and free-hearted. He manages to collect round him all the conveniences and elegancies of polite life, and to banish its restraints. His country seat abounds with every requisite, either for studious



A University Volunteer of 1804

English Rural Life

retirement, tasteful gratification, or rural exercise. Books, paintings, music, horses, dogs, and sporting implements of all kinds, are at hand. He puts no constraint either upon his guests or himself, but in the true spirit of hospitality provides the means of enjoyment, and leaves every one to partake according to his inclination.

The taste of the English in the cultivation of land, and in what is called landscape gardening, is unrivalled. They have studied nature intently, and discover an exquisite sense of her beautiful forms and harmonious combinations. Those charms, which in other countries she lavishes in wild solitudes, are here assembled round the haunts of domestic life. They seem to have caught her coy and furtive graces, and spread them, like witchery, about their rural abodes.

Nothing can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage. The solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them; the hare, bounding away to the covert; or the pheasant, suddenly bursting upon the wing. The brook, taught to wind in the most natural meanderings, or expand into a glassy lake—the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters: while some rustic temple, or sylvan statue, grown green and dank with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.

These are but a few of the features of park scenery; but what most delights me, is the creative talent with which the English decorate the unostentatious abodes of middle life. The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of land, in the hands of an Englishman of taste, becomes a little paradise. With a nicely discriminating eye, he seizes at once upon its capabilities, and pictures in his mind the future landscape. The sterile spot grows into

loveliness under his hand; and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees; the cautious pruning of others; the nice distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf; the partial opening to a peep of blue distance, or silver gleam of water,—all these are managed with a delicate tact, a pervading yet quiet assiduity, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favourite picture.

The residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country has diffused a degree of taste and elegance in rural economy, that descends to the lowest class. The very labourer, with his thatched cottage and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment. The trim hedge, the grass plot before the door, the little flower bed bordered with snug box, the woodbine trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice, the pot of flowers in the window, the holly providently planted about the house, to cheat winter of its dreariness, and throw in a semblance of green summer to cheer the fireside:—all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing down from high sources, and pervading the lowest levels of the public mind. If ever love, as poets sing, delights to visit a cottage, it must be the cottage of an English peasant.

The fondness for rural life among the higher classes of the English, has had a great and salutary effect upon the national character. I do not know a finer race of men than the English gentlemen. Instead of the softness and effeminacy which characterize the men of rank in most countries, they exhibit a union of elegance and strength, a robustness of frame and freshness of complexion, which I am inclined to attribute to their living so much in the open air, and pursuing so eagerly the invigorating recreations of the country. These hardy exercises produce also a

healthful tone of mind and spirits, and a manliness and simplicity of manners, which even the follies and dissipations of the town cannot easily pervert, and can never entirely destroy. In the country, too, the different orders of society seem to approach more freely, to be more disposed to blend and operate favourably upon each other. The distinctions between them do not appear to be so marked and impassable as in the cities. The manner in which property has been distributed into small estates and farms, has established a regular gradation from the nobleman, through the classes of gentry, small landed proprietors, and substantial farmers, down to the labouring peasantry; and while it has thus banded the extremes of society together, has infused into each intermediate rank a spirit of independence. This, it must be confessed, is not so universally the case at present as it was formerly; the larger estates having, in late years of distress, absorbed the smaller, and, in some parts of the country, almost annihilated the sturdy race of small farmers. These, however, I believe, are but casual breaks in the general system I have mentioned.

In rural occupation there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and rough, but he cannot be vulgar. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders in rural life as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank, and to enter into the honest, heartfelt enjoyments of common life. Indeed, the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together; and the sound of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony. I believe this is one great reason why the nobility and gentry are more popular among the

inferior orders in England than they are in any other country; and why the latter have endured so many excessive pressures and extremities, without repining more generally at the unequal distribution of fortune and privilege.

To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society may also be attributed the rural feeling that runs through British literature; the frequent use of illustrations from rural life; those incomparable descriptions of nature, that abound in the British poets—that have continued down from *The Flower and the Leaf* of Chaucer, and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape. The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and revelled with her,—they have wooed her in her most secret haunts,—they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze—a leaf could not rustle to the ground—a diamond drop could not patter in the stream —a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning; but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality.

The effect of this devotion of elegant minds to rural occupations has been wonderful on the face of the country. A great part of the island is level, and would be monotonous, were it not for the charms of culture; but it is studded and gemmed, as it were, with castles and palaces, and embroidered with parks and gardens. It does not abound in grand and sublime prospects, but rather in little home scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet. Every antique farm house and moss-grown cottage is a picture; and as the roads are continually winding, and the view is shut in by groves and hedges, the eye is delighted by a continual succession of small landscapes of captivating loveliness.

The great charm, however, of English scenery is the moral

feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of order, of quiet, of sober, well-established principles, of hoary usage and reverend custom. Everything seems to be the growth of ages of regular and peaceful existence. The old church of remote architecture, with its low, massive portal; its gothic tower; its windows rich with tracery and painted glass, in scrupulous preservation; its stately monuments of warriors and worthies of the olden time, ancestors of the present lords of the soil; its tombstones, recording successive generations of sturdy yeomanry, whose progeny still plough the same fields, and kneel at the same altar. The parsonage, a quaint, irregular pile, partly antiquated, but repaired and altered in the tastes of various ages and occupants. The stile and footpath leading from the churchyard, across pleasant fields, and along shady hedge-rows, according to an immemorial right of way. The neighbouring village, with its venerable cottages, its public green, sheltered by trees, under which the forefathers of the present race have sported. The antique family mansion, standing apart in some little rural domain, but looking down with a protecting air on the surrounding scene. All these common features of English landscape, evince a calm and settled security, an hereditary transmission of home-bred virtues and local attachments, that speak deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation.

It is a pleasing sight of a Sunday morning, when the bell is sending its sober melody across the quiet fields, to behold the peasantry in their best finery, with ruddy faces and modest cheerfulness, thronging tranquilly along the green lanes to church; but it is still more pleasing to see them in the evenings, gathering about their cottage doors, and appearing to exult in the humble comforts and embellishments which their own hands have spread around them.

It is this sweet home feeling, this settled repose of affection in the domestic scene, that is, after all, the parent of the

steadiest virtues and purest enjoyments; and I cannot close these desultory remarks better, than by quoting the words of a modern English poet, who has depicted it with remarkable felicity:

> Through each gradation, from the castled hall,
> The city dome, the villa crown'd with shade,
> But chief from modest mansions numberless,
> In town or hamlet, shelt'ring middle life,
> Down to the cottag'd vale, and straw-roof'd shed;
> This western isle hath long been famed for scenes
> Where bliss domestic finds a dwelling place:
> Domestic bliss, that, like a harmless dove,
> (Honour and sweet endearment keeping guard,)
> Can centre in a little quiet nest
> All that desire would fly for through the earth;
> That can, the world eluding, be itself
> A world enjoy'd; that wants no witnesses
> But its own sharers, and approving heaven.
> That, like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft,
> Smiles, though 'tis looking only at the sky.[1]

37. THE STAGE COACH

SOURCE: As No. 36.

In the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers, who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends, to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded also with hampers of game, and baskets and boxes of delicacies; and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box, presents from distant friends for the impending feast. I had three fine rosy-cheeked boys for my fellow-passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed

[1] From a poem on the Death of the Princess Charlotte, by the Rev. Rann Kennedy, A.M.

in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. . . .

They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman, to whom, whenever an opportunity presented, they addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the world. Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side, and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the buttonhole of his coat. He is always a personage full of mighty care and business, but he is particularly so during this season, having so many commissions to execute in consequence of the great interchange of presents. . . .

He has commonly a broad, full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat; a huge roll of coloured handkerchief about his neck, knowingly knotted and tucked in at the bosom; and has in summer time a large bouquet of flowers in his buttonhole; the present, most probably, of some enamoured country lass. His waistcoat is commonly of some bright colour, striped, and his small-clothes extend far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey-boots which reach about half-way up his legs.

All this costume is maintained with much precision; he has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials; and, notwithstanding the seeming grossness of his appearance, there is still discernible that neatness and propriety of person which is almost inherent in an Englishman. He enjoys

great consequence and consideration along the road; has frequent conferences with the village housewives, who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass. The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed, he throws down the reins with something of an air, and abandons the cattle to the care of the hostler; his duty being merely to drive from one stage to another. When off the box, his hands are thrust into the pockets of his great coat, and he rolls about the inn yard with an air of the most absolute lordliness. Here he is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of hostlers, stable-boys, shoeblacks, and those nameless hangers-on that infest inns and taverns, and run errands, and do all kinds of odd jobs, for the privilege of battening on the drippings of the kitchen and the leakage of the taproom. These all look up to him as to an oracle; treasure up his cant phrases; echo his opinions about horses and other topics of jockey lore; and above all, endeavour to imitate his air and carriage. Every ragamuffin that has a coat to his back thrusts his hands in the pockets, rolls in his gait, talks slang, and is an embryo Coachey.

Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind, that I fancied I saw cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage coach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn, sounded at the entrance of a village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends, some with bundles and band-boxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them. In the meantime the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute. Sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant; sometimes jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public-house; and sometimes, with knowing leer and words

of sly import, hands to some half-blushing, half-laughing housemaid an odd-shaped billet-doux from some rustic admirer. As the coach rattles through the village, everyone runs to the window, and you have glances on every side of fresh country faces and blooming giggling girls. At the corners are assembled juntos of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing company pass; but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing of the coach is an event fruitful of much speculation. The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by; the cyclops round the anvil suspend their ringing hammers, and suffer the iron to grow cool; and the sooty spectre in brown paper cap, labouring at the bellows, leans on the handle for a moment, and permits the asthmatic engine to heave a long-drawn sigh, while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphureous gleams of the smithy.

Perhaps the impending holiday might have given a more than usual animation to the country, for it seemed to me as if everybody was in good looks and good spirits. Game, poultry, and other luxuries of the table, were in brisk circulation in the villages; the grocers' butchers', and fruiterers' shops were thronged with customers. The housewives were stirring briskly about, putting their dwellings in order; and the glossy branches of holly, with their bright red berries, began to appear at the windows. The scene brought to mind an old writer's account of Christmas preparations:—"Now capons and hens, besides turkeys, geese, and ducks, with beef and mutton—must all die—for in twelve days a multitude of people will not be fed with a little. Now plums and spice, sugar and honey, square it among pies and broth. Now or never must music be in tune, for the youth must dance and sing to get them a heat, while the aged sit by the fire. The country maid leaves half her market, and must be sent again, if she forgets a pack of cards on Christmas

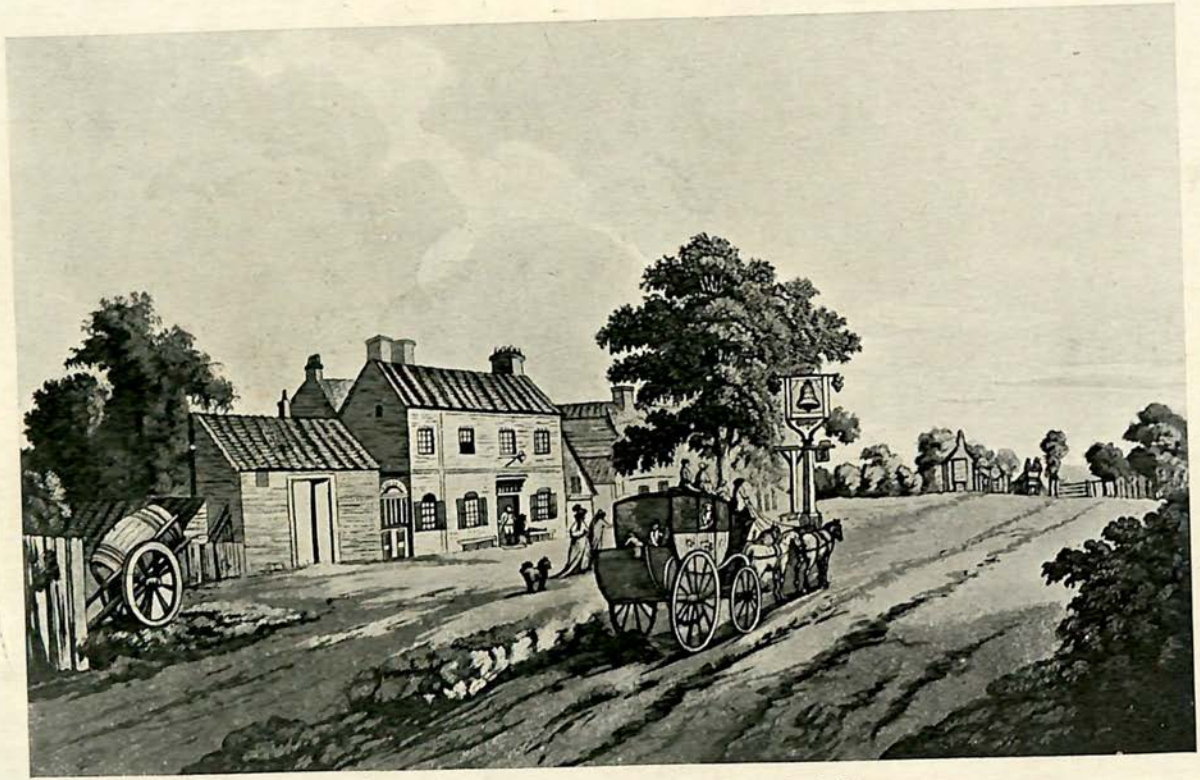
eve. Great is the contention of holly and ivy, whether master or dame wears the breeches. Dice and cards benefit the butler; and if the cook do not lack wit, he will sweetly lick his fingers." . . .

In the evening we reached a village where I had determined to pass the night. As we drove into the great gateway of the inn, I saw on one side the light of a rousing kitchen fire beaming through a window. I entered, and admired, for the hundredth time, that picture of convenience, neatness, and broad, honest enjoyment, the kitchen of an English inn. It was of spacious dimensions, hung round with copper and tin vessels highly polished, and decorated here and there with a Christmas green. Hams, tongues, and flitches of bacon, were suspended from the ceiling; a smoke-jack made its ceaseless clanking beside the fireplace, and a clock ticked in one corner. A well-scoured deal table extended along one side of the kitchen, with a cold round of beef and other hearty viands upon it. . . . Travellers of inferior order were preparing to attack this stout repast, while others sat smoking and gossiping . . . on two high-backed oaken settles beside the fire. Trim housemaids were hurrying backwards and forwards under the directions of a fresh bustling landlady; but still seizing an occasional moment to exchange a flippant word, and have a rallying laugh with the group round the fire.

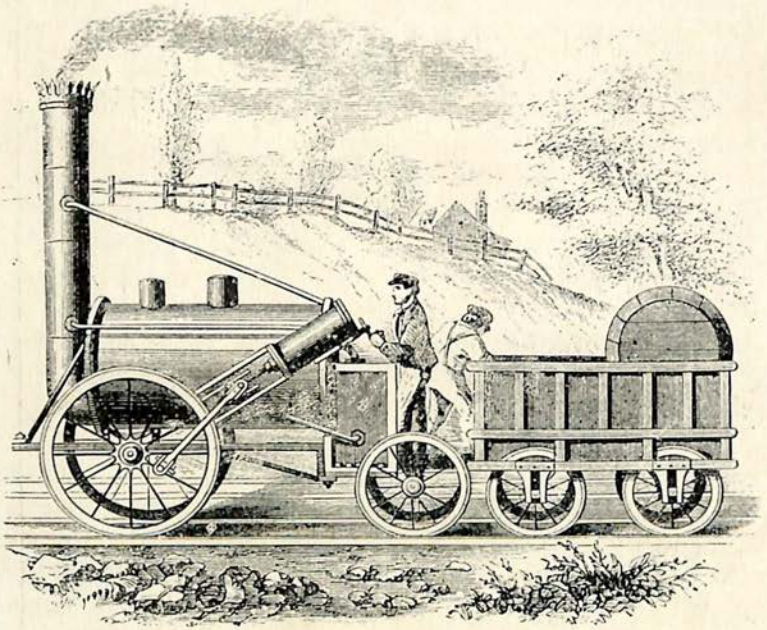
38. THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

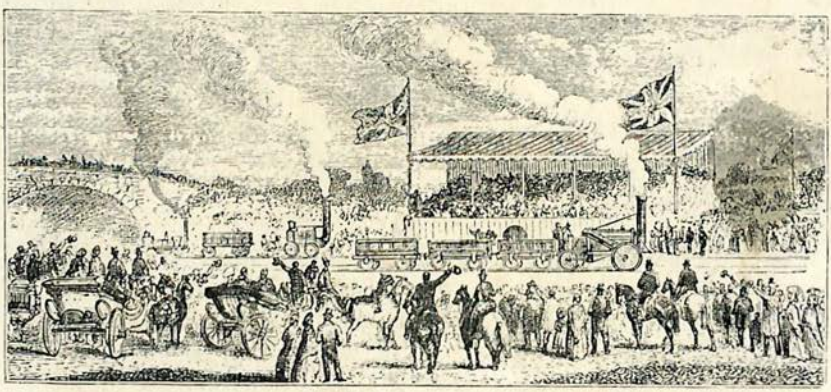
SOURCE: As No. 36.

The dinner was served up in the great hall, where the squire always held his Christmas banquet. A blazing crackling fire of logs had been heaped on to warm the spacious apartment, and the flame went sparkling and wreathing up the wide-mouthed chimney. The great picture of the crusader and his white horse had been profusely



The Bell Inn, Kilburn





The Triumph of *The Rocket*

decorated with greens for the occasion; and holly and ivy had likewise been wreathed round the helmet and weapons on the opposite wall, which I understood were the arms of the same warrior. . . . A sideboard was set out just under this chivalric trophy, on which was a display of plate that might have vied (at least in variety) with Belshazzar's parade of the vessels of the temple; "flagon, cans, cups, beakers, goblets, basins, and ewers"; the gorgeous utensils of good companionship that had gradually accumulated through many generations of jovial housekeepers. Before these stood the two Yule candles, beaming like two stars of the first magnitude; other lights were distributed in branches, and the whole array glittered like a firmament of silver.

We were ushered into this banqueting scene with the sound of minstrelsy, the old harper being seated on a stool beside the fireplace, and twanging his instrument with a vast deal more power than melody. Never did Christmas board display a more goodly and gracious assemblage of countenances; those who were not handsome were, at least, happy; and happiness is a rare improver of your hard-favoured visage. . . .

The parson said grace, which was not a short familiar one, such as is commonly addressed to the Deity in these unceremonious days; but a long, courtly, well-worded one of the ancient school. There was now a pause, as if something was expected; when suddenly the butler entered the hall with some degree of bustle; he was attended by a servant on each side with a large wax-light, and bore a silver dish, on which was an enormous pig's head, decorated with rosemary, with a lemon in its mouth, which was placed with great formality at the head of the table. The moment this pageant made its appearance, the harper struck up a flourish; at the conclusion of which the young Oxonian, on receiving a hint from the squire, gave, with an air of the

most comic gravity, an old carol, the first verse of which was as follows :—

Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.
The boar's head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary.
I pray you all synge merily
Qui estis in convivio. . . .

The table was literally loaded with good cheer, and presented an epitome of country abundance, in this season of overflowing larders. A distinguished post was allotted to "ancient sirloin," as mine host termed it; being, as he added, "the standard of old English hospitality, and a joint of goodly presence, and full of expectation." There were several dishes quaintly decorated, and which had evidently something traditional in their embellishments; but about which, as I did not like to appear over-curious, I asked no questions.

I could not, however, but notice a pie, magnificently decorated with peacock's feathers, in imitation of the tail of that bird, which overshadowed a considerable tract of the table. This, the squire confessed, with some little hesitation, was a pheasant pie, though a peacock pie was certainly the most authentical; but there had been such a mortality among the peacocks this season, that he could not prevail upon himself to have one killed.

When the cloth was removed, the butler brought in a huge silver vessel of rare and curious workmanship, which he placed before the squire. Its appearance was hailed with acclamation; being the Wassail Bowl, so renowned in Christmas festivity. The contents had been prepared by the squire himself; for it was a beverage in the skilful mixture of which he particularly prided himself; alleging that it was too abstruse and complex for the comprehension of an ordinary servant. It was a potation, indeed, that

might well make the heart leap within one; being composed of the richest and raciest wines, highly spiced and sweetened, with roasted apples bobbing about the surface.

The old gentleman's whole countenance beamed with a serene look of indwelling delight, as he stirred this mighty bowl. Having raised it to his lips, with a hearty wish of a merry Christmas to all present, he sent it brimming round the board, for every one to follow his example, according to the primitive style; pronouncing it "the ancient fountain of good-feeling, where all hearts met together." . . .

The dinner-time passed away in this flow of innocent hilarity; and, though the old hall may have resounded in its time with many a scene of broader rout and revel, yet I doubt whether it ever witnessed more honest and genuine enjoyment. How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles! the joyous disposition of the worthy squire was perfectly contagious; he was happy himself, and disposed to make all the world happy; and the little eccentricities of his humour did but season, in a manner, the sweetness of his philanthropy.

When the ladies had retired, the conversation, as usual, became still more animated; . . . and though I cannot positively affirm that there was much wit uttered, yet I have certainly heard many contests of rare wit produce much less laughter. Wit, after all, is a mighty tart, pungent, ingredient, and much too acid for such stomachs; but honest good humour is the oil and wine of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small, and the laughter abundant.

The old squire told several long stories of early college pranks and adventures, in some of which the parson had been a sharer; though in looking at the latter, it required, some effort of imagination to figure such a little dark

anatomy of a man into the perpetrator of a madcap gambol. Indeed, the two college chums presented pictures of what men may be made by their different lots in life. The squire had left the university to live lustily on his paternal domains, in the vigorous enjoyment of prosperity and sunshine, and had flourished on to a hearty and florid old age; whilst the poor parson, on the contrary, had dried and withered away, among dusty tomes, in the silence and shadows of his study. . . .

After the dinner-table was removed, the hall was given up to the younger members of the family, who, prompted to all kind of noisy mirth by the Oxonian and Master Simon, made its old walls ring with their merriment, as they played at romping games. I delight in witnessing the gambols of children, and particularly at this happy holiday season, and could not help stealing out of the drawing-room on hearing one of their peals of laughter. I found them at the game of blind-man's-buff. Master Simon, who was the leader of their revels, and seemed on all occasions to fulfil the office of that ancient potentate, the Lord of Misrule,[1] was blinded in the midst of the hall. The little beings were as busy about him as the mock fairies about Falstaff; pinching him, plucking at the skirts of his coat, and tickling him with straws. One fine blue-eyed girl of about thirteen, with her flaxen hair all in beautiful confusion, her frolic face in a glow, her frock half torn off her shoulders, a complete picture of a romp, was the chief tormentor; and, from the slyness with which Master Simon avoided the smaller game, and hemmed this wild little nymph in corners, and obliged her to jump shrieking over chairs, I suspected the rogue of being not a whit more blinded than was convenient.

[1] At Christmasse, there was in the Kinge's house, wheresoever hee was lodged, a lorde of misrule, or mayster of merie disportes, and the like had ye in the house of every nobleman of honour, or good worshippe, were he spirituall or temporall.—STOWE.

39. TAXATION

SOURCE: Sydney Smith, *America.* (In *Edinburgh Review,* 1820; reprinted in his *Essays.*)

We can inform Jonathan [America] what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory;—TAXES upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth—on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home—taxes on the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribands of the bride—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay:—The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road:—and the dying Englishman pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent., into a spoon that has paid 15 per cent.—flings himself back upon his chintz-bed, which has paid 22 per cent.,—makes his will on an eight pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a licence of an hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from 2 to 10 per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers,—to be taxed no more.

40. THE TRIUMPH OF *THE ROCKET* [1829]

SOURCE: Smiles, *Life of George Stephenson*, 1859.

The time so much longed for by Mr Stephenson had now arrived, when the merits of the passenger locomotive were about to be put to the test. . . .

Great interest was felt at Liverpool, as well as throughout the country, in the approaching competition. Engineers, scientific men, and mechanics, arrived from all quarters to witness the novel display of mechanical ingenuity on which such great results depended. The public generally were no indifferent spectators either. The populations of Liverpool, Manchester, and the adjacent towns felt that the successful issue of the experiment would confer upon them individual benefits and local advantages almost incalculable, whilst populations at a distance waited for the result with almost equal interest.

On the day appointed for the great competition of locomotives at Rainhill, the following engines were entered for the prize:—

1. Messrs Braithwaite and Ericsson's[1] "Novelty."
2. Mr Timothy Hackworth's "Sanspareil."
3. Messrs R. Stephenson and Co.'s "Rocket."
4. Mr Burstall's "Perseverance."

Another engine was started by Mr Brandreth of Liverpool —the "Cycloped" weighing three tons, worked by a horse in a frame, but it could not be admitted to the competition. The above were the only four exhibited, out of a considerable number of engines constructed in different parts of the

[1] The inventor of this engine was a Swede, who afterwards proceeded to the United States, and there achieved considerable distinction as an engineer. His Caloric Engine has so far proved a failure, but his iron cupola vessel, the "Monitor," must be admitted to have been a remarkable success in its way.

country in anticipation of this contest, but which could not be satisfactorily completed by the day of trial.

The ground on which the engines were to be tried was a level piece of railroad, about two miles in length. Each was required to make twenty trips, or equal to a journey of 70 miles, in the course of the day; and the average rate of travelling was to be not under 10 miles an hour. It was determined that, to avoid confusion, each engine should be tried separately, and on different days.

The day fixed for the competition was the 1st of October, but to allow sufficient time to get the locomotives into good working order, the directors extended it to the 6th. On the morning of the 6th, the ground at Rainhill presented a lively appearance, and there was as much excitement as if the St Leger were about to be run. Many thousand spectators looked on, amongst whom were some of the first engineers of the day. A stand was provided for the ladies; and the "beauty and fashion" of the neighbourhood were present, whilst the side of the road was lined with carriages of all descriptions.

It was quite characteristic of Mr Stephenson, that, although his engine did not stand first on the list for trial, it was the first that was ready, and it was accordingly ordered out by the judges for an experimental trip. . . . The distance which it ran on that day was about twelve miles, performed in about fifty-three minutes.

The "Novelty" was next called out. It was a light engine, very compact in appearance, carrying the water and fuel upon the same wheels as the engine. The weight of the whole was only three tons and one hundredweight. A peculiarity of this engine was that the air was driven or *forced* through the fire by means of bellows. The day being now far advanced, and some dispute having arisen as to the method of assigning the proper load for the "Novelty," no particular experiment was made, further than that the

engine traversed the line by way of exhibition, occasionally moving at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour. The "Sanspareil," constructed by Mr Timothy Hackworth was next exhibited; but no particular experiment was made with it on this day. . . .

The contest was postponed until the following day; but before the judges arrived on the ground, the bellows for creating the blast in the "Novelty" gave way, and it was found incapable of going through its performance. A defect was also detected in the boiler of the "Sanspareil"; and Mr Hackworth was allowed some further time to get it repaired. The large number of spectators who had assembled to witness the contest were greatly disappointed at this postponement; but, to lessen it, Mr Stephenson again brought out the "Rocket," and, attaching to it a coach containing thirty persons, he ran them along the line at the rate of from twenty-four to thirty miles an hour, much to their gratification and amazement. Before separating, the judges ordered the engine to be in readiness by eight o'clock on the following morning, to go through its definitive trial according to the prescribed conditions.

On the morning of the 8th October, the "Rocket" was again ready for the contest. The engine was taken to the extremity of the stage, the fire-box was filled with coke, the fire lighted, and the steam raised until it lifted the safety-valve loaded to a pressure of 50 pounds to the square inch. This proceeding occupied fifty-seven minutes. The engine then started on its journey, dragging after it about 13 tons weight in waggons, and made the first ten trips backwards and forwards along the two miles of road, running the thirty-five miles, including stoppages, in an hour and forty-eight minutes. The second ten trips were in like manner performed in two hours and three minutes. The maximum velocity attained during the trial trip was twenty-nine miles an hour, or about three times the speed that one of the

judges of the competition had declared to be the limit of possibility. The average speed at which the whole of the journeys were performed was 15 miles an hour, or five miles beyond the rate specified in the conditions published by the Company. The entire performance excited the greatest astonishment amongst the assembled spectators; the directors felt confident that their enterprise was now on the eve of success; and George Stephenson rejoiced to think that in spite of all false prophets and fickle counsellors, his locomotive system was now safe. When the "Rocket," having performed all the conditions of the contest, arrived at the "grand stand" at the close of its day's successful run, Mr Cropper—one of the directors favourable to the fixed-engine system—lifted up his hands, and exclaimed, "Now has George Stephenson at last delivered himself!"

Neither the "Novelty" nor the "Sanspareil" was ready for trial until the 10th, on the morning of which day an advertisement appeared, stating that the former engine was to be tried on that day, when it would perform more work than any engine upon the ground. The weight of the carriages attached to it was only about seven tons. The engine passed the first post in good style; but in returning, the pipe from the forcing-pump burst and put an end to the trial. The pipe was afterwards repaired, and the engine made several trips by itself, in which it was said to have gone at the rate of from 24 to 28 miles an hour.

The "Sanspareil" was not ready until the 13th; and when its boiler and tender were filled with water, it was found to weigh 4 cwt. beyond the weight specified in the published conditions as the limit of four-wheeled engines; nevertheless the judges allowed it to run on the same footing as the other engines, to enable them to ascertain whether its merits entitled it to favourable consideration. It travelled at the average speed of about fourteen miles an hour, with its load attached; but at the eighth trip the

cold-water pump got wrong, and the engine could proceed no further.

It was determined to award the premium to the successful engine on the following day, the 14th, on which occasion there was an unusual assemblage of spectators. The owners of the "Novelty" pleaded for another trial; and it was conceded. But again it broke down. Then Mr Hackworth requested the opportunity for making another trial of his "Sanspareil." But the judges had now had enough of failures; and they declined, on the ground that not only was the engine above the stipulated weight, but that it was constructed on a plan which they could not recommend for adoption by the directors of the Company. One of the principal practical objections to this locomotive was the enormous quantity of coke consumed or wasted by it—about 692 lbs. per hour when travelling—caused by the sharpness of the steam blast in the chimney, which blew a large proportion of the burning coke into the air.

The "Perseverance" . . . was found unable to move at more than five or six miles an hour; and it was withdrawn at an early period from the contest. The "Rocket" was thus the only engine that had performed, and more than performed, all the stipulated conditions; and it was declared to be fully entitled to the prize of £500 which was awarded to the Messrs Stephenson and Booth accordingly. And further, to show that the engine had been working quite within its powers, Mr Stephenson ordered it to be brought upon the ground and detached from all incumbrances, when, in making two trips, it was found to travel at the astonishing rate of thirty-five miles an hour.

The "Rocket" had thus eclipsed the performances of all locomotive engines that had yet been constructed, and outstripped even the sanguine anticipations of its constructors.

41. THE BIRTH OF RAILWAYS [1825]

SOURCE: *The Creevey Papers*: Selection from Correspondence and Diaries of the late Thomas Creevey. Edited by Maxwell, 1903.

Mr Creevey to Miss Ord.

London, March 16, 1825.

" . . . Sefton and I have come to the conclusion that our Ferguson is *insane*. He quite foamed at the mouth with rage in our Railway Committee in support of this infernal nuisance—the loco-motive Monster, carrying *eighty tons* of goods, and navigated by a tail of smoke and sulphur, coming thro' every man's grounds between Manchester and Liverpool. He was supported by Scotchmen only, except a son of Sir Robert Peel's, and against every landed gentleman of the county—his own particular friends, who were all present, such as Ld. Stanley, Ld. Sefton, Ld. Geo. Cavendish, etc."

25th March.

" . . . I get daily more interested about this rail-road —on its own grounds, to begin with, and the infernal, impudent, lying jobbing by its promoters. . . ."

31st May.

" This railway is [a nuisance] . . . from 12 till 4 daily is really too much. We very nearly did the business to-day; we were 36 to 37 on the Bill itself. I led for the Opposition in a speech of half an hour . . . "

June 1.

" . . . Well—this [confounded] railway is strangled at last. I was sure that yesterday's division had put him on his last legs, and to-day we had a clear majority in the Committee in our favour, and the promoters of the Bill withdrew it, and took their leave of us. . . . We had to

fight this long battle against an almost universal prejudice to start with—interested shareholders and perfidious Whigs, several of whom affected to oppose us upon *conscientious* scruples. Sefton's ecstacies are *beyond*, and he is pleased to say it has been all my doing; so it's all mighty well."

Croxteth, Nov. 14th, 1829.

" . . . To-day we have had a *lark* of a very high order. Lady Wilton sent over yesterday from Knowsley to say that the Loco Motive machine was to be upon the railway at such a place at 12 o'clock for the Knowsley party to ride in if they liked, and inviting this house to be of the party. So of course we were at our post in 3 carriages and some horsemen at the hour appointed. I had the satisfaction, for I can't call it *pleasure*, of taking a trip of five miles in it, which we did in just a quarter of an hour—that is 20 miles an hour. As accuracy upon this subject was my great object, I held my watch in my hand at starting, and all the time; and as it has a second hand, I knew I could not be deceived; and it so turned out there was not the difference of a second between the coachee or conductor and myself. But observe, during these five miles, the machine was occasionally made to put itself out or *go it*; and then we went at the rate of 23 miles per hour, and just with the same ease as to motion or absence of friction as the other reduced pace. But the quickest motion is to me *frightful*; it is really flying, and it is impossible to divest yourself of the notion of instant death to all upon the least accident happening. It gave me a headache which has not left me yet. Sefton is convinced that some [horrible] thing must come of it; but he and I seem more struck with such apprehension than others. . . . The smoke is very considerable indeed, but sparks of fire are abroad in some quantity: one burnt Miss de Ros's cheek, another a hole in Lady Maria's silk pelisse, and a third a hole in some one

else's gown. Altogether I am extremely glad indeed to have seen this miracle, and to have travelled in it. Had I thought worse of it than I do, I should have had the curiosity to try it; but, having done so, I am quite satisfied with my *first* achievement being my *last*."

42. RAILWAYS AND TRAVEL

SOURCE: Sydney Smith, Letter to *The Morning Leader*, 7 June, 1842.

Railway travelling is a delightful improvement of human life. Man is become a bird; he can fly longer and quicker than a solan-goose. The mamma rushes sixty miles in two hours to the aching finger of her conjugating and declining grammar-boy. The early Scotchman scratches himself in the morning mists of the north, and has his porridge in Piccadilly before the setting sun. The Puseyite priest, after a rush of a hundred miles, appears with his little volume of nonsense at the breakfast of his bookseller. Everything is near, everything is immediate—time, distance, and delay are abolished. But, though charming and fascinating as all this is, we must not shut our eyes to the price we shall pay for it. There will be every three or four years some dreadful massacre—whole trains will be hurled down a precipice, and two hundred or three hundred persons will be killed on the spot. There will be every now and then a great combustion of human bodies, as there has been at Paris; then all the newspapers up in arms—a thousand regulations, forgotten as soon as the directors dare—loud screams of the velocity whistle—monopoly locks and bolts as before.

The locking plea of directors is philanthropy; and I admit that to guard men from the commission of moral evil is as philanthropical as to prevent physical suffering. There is, I allow, a strong propensity in mankind to travel on railways without paying; and to lock mankind in till

they have completed their share of the contract is benevolent, because it guards the species from degrading and immoral conduct; but to burn or crush a whole train, merely to prevent a few immoral insides from not paying, is, I hope, a little more than Ripon or Gladstone will permit.

We have been, up to this point, very careless of our railway regulations. The first person of rank who is killed will put everything in order, and produce a code of the most careful rules. I hope it will not be one of the bench of bishops; but should it be so destined, let the burnt bishop —the unwilling Latimer—remember that, however painful gradual consumption by fire may be, his death will produce unspeakable benefits to the public. Even Sodor and Man will be better than nothing. From that moment the bad effects of the monopoly are destroyed; no more fatal deference to the directors; no despotic incarceration, no barbarous inattention to the anatomy and physiology of the human body; no commitment to locomotive prisons with warrant. We shall then find it possible *voyager libre sans mourir.*

43. THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE [1823]

SOURCE: Cobbett, *Rural Rides*, 1830.

Singleton (*Sussex*) 2 *August*, 1823.

I have seen no wretchedness in Sussex; nothing to be at all compared to that which I have seen in other parts; and, as to these villages in the South Downs, they are beautiful to behold. . . . There is an appearance of comfort about the dwellings of the labourers, all along here, that is very pleasant to behold. The gardens are neat, and full of vegetables of the best kinds. I see very few of "*Ireland's lazy root*;" and never, in this country, will the people be base enough to lie down and expire from starvation. . . .

As I came along between Upwaltham and Eastdean, I called to me a young man, who, along with other turnip-hoers, was sitting under the shelter of a hedge at breakfast. He came running to me with his victuals in his hand; and, I was glad to see, that his food consisted of a good lump of household *bread* and not a very small piece of *bacon*. I did not envy him his appetite, for I had, at that moment, a very good one of my own; but, I wanted to know the distance I had to go before I should get to a good public-house. In parting with him, I said, "You do get some *bacon* then?" "Oh, yes! Sir," said he, and with an emphasis and a swag of the head which seemed to say, "We *must* and *will* have *that*." I saw, and with great delight, a pig at almost every labourer's house. The houses are good and warm; and the gardens some of the very best that I have seen in England.

. . . . . .

Petworth (*Sussex*) 1 *August*, 1823.

To-day, near a place called Wesborough Green, I saw a woman bleaching her *home-spun* and *home-woven* linen. I have not seen such a thing before since I left Long Island. There, and indeed, all over the American States, North of Maryland, and especially in the New England States, almost the whole of both linen and woollen, used in the country, and a large part of that used in towns, is made in the farm-houses. . . . *The Lords of the Loom* have taken *from the land*, in England, *this part of its due*; and hence one cause of the poverty, misery, and pauperism, that are becoming so frightful throughout the country. . . . The country people lose part of their natural employment. The women and children, who ought to provide a great part of the raiment, have nothing to do. The fields *must have men and boys*; but, where there are men and boys there will be *women* and *girls*; and, as the Lords of the Loom have now

a set of *real slaves*, by the means of whom they take away a great part of the employment of the country-*women* and *girls*, these must be kept by poor-rates in whatever degree they lose employment through the Lords of the Loom.

Tenterden (*Kent*), 31 *August*, 1823.

. . . Coming through the village of Benenden, I heard a man at my right, talking very loud about *houses! houses! houses!* . . . Scarcely had I proceeded a hundred yards from the place where this fellow was bawling, when I came to the very situation which he ought to have occupied, I mean the *stocks*, which the people of Benenden have, with singular humanity, fitted up with a *bench*, so that the patient, while he is receiving the benefit of the remedy, is not exposed to the danger of catching cold by sitting, as in other places, upon the ground, always damp, and sometimes actually wet. But, I would ask the people of Benenden what is the *use* of this human precaution, and, indeed, what is the use of the stocks themselves, if, while a fellow is ranting and bawling in the manner just described, at the distance of a hundred yards from the stocks, the stocks (as is here actually the case) are almost hidden by *grass* and *nettles*? This, however, is the case all over the country; not nettles and grass indeed smothering the stocks, but, I never see any feet peeping through the holes, any where, . . . though *the law compels the parishes to keep up* all the pairs of stocks that exist in all parts of them; and, in some parishes, they have to keep up several pairs. I am aware, that a good part of the use of the stocks is the *terror* they ought to produce. I am not supposing, that they are of *no use* because not *continually furnished with legs*. But, there is a wide difference between *always* and *never*.

44. AN EXTRACT FROM THE POOR LAW REPORT [1834]

"It is now our painful duty to report, that in the greater part of the districts which we have been able to examine, the fund, which the 43rd of Elizabeth directed to be employed in setting to work children and persons capable of work but using no daily trade, and in the necessary relief of the impotent, is applied to purposes destructive . . . to the welfare of all (classes). The great source of abuse is the out-door relief afforded to the able-bodied on their own account or on that of their families. This is given in kind or in money. The out-door relief of the able-bodied, when given in kind consists rarely of food, rather less infrequently of fuel, and still less unfrequently of clothes; . . . but its most usual form is that of relieving the applicants, either wholly or partially, from the expense of obtaining house-room. . . . Partial relief from the expense of obtaining house-room is given or professed to be given, whenever the occupant of a cottage or an apartment is exempted on the ground of poverty from the payment of rates. . . . In a great number of cases, the labourer if a parishoner is not only exempted from rates, but his rent is paid out of the parish fund.

. . . The practice of granting small sums of money to able-bodied men without requiring labour in return, is adopted in some parishes in each county. In the Stratford division the overseer of Alveston stated that there were young men receiving 2s. 6d. and 8s. a-week, and that though it was barely sufficient for their support, . . . yet they greatly preferred it to earning their own living."

45. THE OLD ENGLISH SQUIRE

(A song published in 1838.)

About fifty years ago, when old George the Third was King,
And the Prince, the star of fashion, brightly shone in pleasure's ring
The English County Squire was a man of great renown,
He'd an old hall in the country, and a modern house in town;
A justice of the peace he was, and also an M.P.,
But was fettered to no party,—his principles were free;
He courted not the Premier, though his son was in the Guards;
With Fox he sometimes voted, but much oft'ner played at cards.

He kept a stud of racers—'twas his joy to see them run—
And his side-board was well covered with the gold cups they had won;
To the town he represented every year he gave a plate,
And to the course in coach and six he always came in state;—
Six goodly nags they were indeed, though fat and rather slow,
Their manes were decked with ribbons, and their flowing tails also;—
His lady sat beside him, tall and upright as a wand,
And the people loudly cheered them on alighting at the Stand.

He kept a pack of fox-hounds too, of pure old English breed;
Most musical and staunch they were; but not much famed for speed;
His hunters were enduring and could go a decent pace,—
To suit his hounds he bred them, not to ride a steeple chase.
He boldly went at hedge and gate, nor stopped at ditch or brook,
And many a Melton-Mowbray swell might shy the leaps he took:

'Twas a pleasant sight to see him through a bullfinch make a gap,
With his pigtail, like a drumstick, cocking out behind his cap.

On the first day of September, as the season still came round,
With his pointers in the stubble he was certain to be found;
Though his gun was like a musket, an old-fashioned flint-and-steel,
Wide-muzzled, and a kicker,—she was heavy in the heel,—
Yet, birds then being plentiful, he brought down many a brace;
And if he found them sitting,—why he showed them little grace:
Few thought of shooting flying about fifty years ago—
'Kill when you can,' was then the word, and 'Surest shooting low.'

On his rent-day—'twas at Michaelmas—within his oak-roofed hall,
Where portraits, arms, and horns of deer bedecked the panelled wall,
'Twas his custom, and a good one, with his tenantry to dine,
And the first toasts that he gave them, in the gold cup filled with wine,—
Were 'The King and Royal Family' and 'God speed the Plough,'
'Amen!' exclaimed the Vicar to his Patron seated near,
While the farmers drank their bumpers off and gave a hearty cheer.

'Tis now thirty years ago,—the sad time I well remember,—
On a dull and cheerless day in the dark month of November,
The good Old English Squire, aged three score years and ten,
Was gathered to his fathers, to the grief of all good men.

In the village church he's buried, scarce a mile from the old hall;
His heir was the chief-mourner,—six old neighbours bore the pall:
His memory is cherished yet; and many people say,
'With the good Old English Squire, good Old Times are gone for aye.'

NOTES ON SOURCES

Addison, Joseph (1672–1719), was educated at Charterhouse and Queen's College, Oxford. He first made a name for himself in 1704 by a poem written in honour of the victory of Blenheim, and entitled *The Campaign.* He is best known, however, as one of the greatest of English essayists, contributing to *The Tatler* (edited by Richard Steele) between 1709 and 1711, and producing *The Spectator,* in collaboration with Steele, 1711–12. He was also the author of *Cato,* a tragedy which was acted with great success at Drury Lane.

Arblay—(Frances Burney)—Madame d' (1752–1840), was the daughter of Dr Burney, a musician, who was an intimate friend of Dr Johnson. Her greatest achievement was her novel *Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World,* which was at first published anonymously. The book took the world of London by storm, and, when its authorship was revealed, Fanny became immediately famous. Her *Diaries* are also valuable contemporary records.

Boswell, James, the companion and biographer of Dr Johnson, was born in Edinburgh, 1740. He was educated at Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities. During his second visit to London (1763) he was introduced to Dr Johnson, and an acquaintance began between them which quickly ripened into friendship. The famous *Life of Samuel Johnson* was published in 1791, and has long been recognised as the greatest of English biographies.

Carlyle, Alexander (1722–1805), was a Scottish Presbyterian minister, and received his education in Edinburgh, Glasgow and Leyden. He was the leader of the Scottish "Broad Church" party, and was moderator of the General Assembly in 1770. His circle of friends was a wide one, as may be seen from his *Autobiography,* first printed in 1860.

Cobbett, William (1762–1835) was of lowly origin. A labourer's son, he taught himself, and at the age of twenty secured employment as a solicitor's clerk. Tiring of this he enlisted in 1783, and was quickly promoted to the rank of sergeant-major, and was entrusted with the keeping of the regimental accounts. Discovering dishonest dealings on the part of some of his officers he left the army, intending to lay information against them, but he learned that false witness would be given against him and dropped the charge, fleeing the country. After a few years in France

and America, where he gained fame as a pamphleteer, he returned to England and started the publication of the weekly *Political Register*. In addition to his work on this paper he wrote several books, the most famous of which are *Advice to Young Men* and *Rural Rides*. His outspoken opinions often led him into legal actions, and in 1810 he was imprisoned by the Government, again taking refuge in America in 1817, a few years after his release. He was an eager champion of the labouring classes and a strenuous advocate of Parliamentary reform.

Coxe, William (1747–1828), was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge. He was ordained priest, 1771, but most of his life was spent as tutor to the sons of noble families and in editing eighteenth-century memoirs. These memoirs are valuable, inasmuch as he was entrusted with many important private papers, which he edited with laborious care. His *Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole* was published in 1798.

Creevey, Thomas (1768–1838), was born in Liverpool. He entered Parliament as member for Thetford and afterwards Appleby, both pocket boroughs. He became a staunch supporter of the Whig party, and was admitted into the inner circle of Whig politics. He was appointed treasurer of the Ordnance, and, later, treasurer of Greenwich Hospital. The *Creevey Papers* contain a vivid picture of the social and political life of the times.

Defoe, Daniel (? 1661–1731), the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, was born in London, the son of a butcher. He had a good education at a private school, and in 1685 was in business as a hose factor. His career was a varied one, but it was in journalism that he became best known, the outspokenness of his political pamphlets frequently bringing him into serious trouble. At the age of fifty-nine he produced the first volume of his immortal *Robinson Crusoe*. This was followed by several other novels and a vivid *Journal of the Plague Year* (1722). His *Tour Thro' the Whole Island of Great Britain* (1724–26) is a journal of considerable importance, as it describes in a clear manner the social and economic conditions of the various counties.

Eden, Sir Frederick Morton (1766–1809), was a graduate of Oxford, but spent most of his life in business and in social and economic investigations. He was a founder of the Globe Insurance Company, and his *State of the Poor* is a classical work in economic literature.

Evelyn, John, was born of wealthy parentage at Wotton, Surrey, in 1620, and was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, and the Middle Temple. During the Civil War he travelled on the Continent, but at the Restoration he was received at Court with great favour and became one of the Commissioners of the Privy Seal, treasurer of Greenwich Hospital, and secretary to the Royal Society. He died in 1706. He wrote on many subjects, but is chiefly remembered for his delightful *Diary*, discovered in an old

clothes basket at Wotton in 1817. The extracts given in this volume will, it is hoped, encourage the reader to read the book itself.

Gonsalez, Don Manoel, a Portuguese merchant of Lisbon, who visited England in 1730 and made a tour of the country. The account of his impressions of his travels has been translated and is to be found in Pinkerton's *Voyages*.

Hervey, John (Baron Hervey of Ickworth), younger son of John, first Earl of Bristol, was born in 1696, and educated at Westminster School and Clare Hall, Cambridge. He entered Parliament in 1725, and held the office of Lord Privy Seal, 1740–42. He was very well known in political circles, and his *Memoirs* give a good picture of the Court life of the period. He died in 1743.

Irving, Washington, was born in New York in 1783 and visited Europe in 1804. On his return to New York he was admitted to the Bar, and afterwards joined his brothers in partnership in business. The business became bankrupt, and he returned to Europe, devoting himself to literature, in which he achieved great success. His *Sketch Book* is the most famous of his writings. He died in 1859.

Jenner, Edward, was born at Berkeley in 1749. Educated for the medical profession, he started practice in his own town in 1773. Becoming interested in the disease of smallpox, he spent some years in a most careful study of it, and as a result of close observation and experiments he discovered the valuable antitoxic properties of vaccine, which he made public in 1796. Though violently opposed at the time, and since, Jenner's vaccine treatment of smallpox gradually became more and more practised; now it is generally used throughout the civilised world. He died in 1823.

Lamb, Charles (1775–1834), was educated, with S. T. Coleridge, at Christ's Hospital. He left school in 1789; in 1792 was appointed to a clerkship in the India House, where he was employed for over thirty years. His first published work consisted of four sonnets, which Coleridge included in his *Poems on Various Subjects* in 1796. From that year he began to contribute to various newspapers and periodicals, and wrote several plays and miscellaneous works. The well-known *Tales from Shakespeare*, written in collaboration with his sister Mary, appeared in 1807. His chief claim to the great position he holds in English literature was made by the famous *Essays of Elia*, the first of which he contributed to *The London Magazine* in 1820.

Larpent, F. S., born in 1776, was Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge. He was then called to the Bar, and in 1812 became Judge-Advocate-General to the Armies in Spain under Wellington. He died in 1845, and his *Private Journals* were published in 1853.

Lloyd, Robert (1733–64), was educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge; he returned to his old school as an usher, but soon gave up this work and endeavoured to make a living by writing. He published a collection of poems in 1762 but achieved no great success; he was imprisoned for debt and became a bookseller's hack. His comic opera, *The Capricious Lovers*, was performed in 1764.

Macaulay, Lord, born in 1800, entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1817, where he had a brilliant career. He was called to the Bar in 1826, but forsook law for literature, and became a frequent and popular contributor to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* and *The Edinburgh Review*. In 1830 he became a member of Parliament and won renown as an orator. He afterwards became legal adviser to the Supreme Council of India, and on his return to England was made Secretary for War. His best-known works are *Lays of Ancient Rome*, his *Essays*, and his famous *History of England*, which was never completed. He died in 1859 and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Macky, John, a Government agent or spy, was a Scotsman of good education, but of his parentage or birth nothing is known. He discovered several important plots, including James II.'s projected expedition to England in 1692, and was inspector of the coast from Dover to Harwich, 1693. He was suspected by the Government and imprisoned, but was released on the accession of George I. His *Memoirs of the Secret Services of John Macky, Esq.*, were published in 1733. He died at Rotterdam in 1726.

Moritz, Charles (?), "a literary gentleman of Berlin," who, in a tour through England in 1782, gave his description of the country in letters to a friend. The account of these travels, "chiefly on foot," is included in Pinkerton's *Voyages*.

Parkinson, Richard (1748–1815), was a Lincolnshire farmer. He proceeded in 1798 to America as agriculturist to George Washington, who employed him at Mount Vernon. On his return to England he published his *Tour in America*, which described the American system of agriculture and cattle-breeding.

Smiles, Samuel, was born in 1812, took his M.D. at Edinburgh when twenty, and practised as a surgeon in Haddington. He then came to England, editing *The Leeds Times* (1838–42), and afterwards became secretary of the South-Eastern Railway. Whilst at Leeds he met George Stephenson and wrote his Life (1857). His best-known work, *Self-Help* (1859), had an extraordinary success, and has been translated into seventeen languages. His later life was entirely devoted to authorship, and he produced many well-known and popular works. He died in 1904.

Smith, Adam, political economist, was born in 1723 and died in 1790. Educated at Glasgow University and Balliol College, Oxford, he eventually became Professor of Logic and Moral Philosophy at Glasgow. His famous book, *The Wealth of Nations*, was published in 1776 and established his reputation as a writer on economic questions.

Smith, Sydney, a brilliant wit, writer, preacher and talker, was born in 1771 and died in 1845. Educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, he took holy orders and eventually became a Canon of St Paul's. He was a prominent Whig and was one of the founders of *The Edinburgh Review*.

Walpole, Horace, was the fourth son of Sir Robert Walpole. He was born in 1717 in London, and educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge. He interested himself in literature, and though he entered Parliament and remained a member for some time, the greater part of his life was devoted to dabbling in art and literature. An ardent collector of "objets d'art," he soon became regarded as a great art critic. Moving amongst a wide circle of friends, he cultivated the art of letter-writing, and his published letters, nearly 2700 in number, contain much valuable information on the literature, art, and social intercourse of that period. He died in London, 1797.

Wesley, The Rev. John, was born in Epworth Rectory in 1703, his father being the rector of the town at the time. He was educated at Charterhouse and Christ Church, Oxford. In 1728 he was made a priest in the Church of England. From 1738 to the close of his life he devoted his energies to the revival of religion and the founding of a new religious society called Methodists. During his fifty years of active work he travelled 250,000 miles and preached 40,000 sermons. His *Journal* is full of vivid descriptions of the writer's personal experiences, together with shrewd reflections on the manners and customs of his age. He died in 1791.

Young, Arthur, was born at Whitehall, 1741, but passed most of his early life at Bradfield Hall, near Bury St Edmunds. After an unsuccessful attempt at farming he turned his attention to writing on agricultural subjects. His account of his tours through England, Ireland, and France, undertaken with a view to ascertaining, and eventually describing, the conditions and methods of farming of the period, gives a most graphic description of the agricultural practices of the parts he visited. In 1793 he was appointed secretary to the Board of Agriculture. He died in 1820.

God
914.2
Mor/Rea
35380
Vol V

Morgan, R.B. (ed)
Readings in English social
history. 1922.

Digitized with financial assistance from
Shri Brihad Bhartiya Samaj
on 20 February, 2020